

COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
WESTERN NUMBER



PRICE TEN CENTS

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co.

OF AMERICA

\$1,200,000

of the \$6,650,000 total Capital Stock of the
MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO. of America
is hereby offered at 65, par value 100

The above is the only public issue that will be made, and shares will be allotted in the order applications are received, but the right is reserved to allot or reject any subscription in whole or in part. The right is reserved to advance the price without notice.

Payments are to be made: \$10 per share to accompany application, to be returned if shares are not allotted. \$55 per share on allotment, when certificates will be issued by the MORTON TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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This company has been organized to control the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy and all inventions and patents relating thereto in the United States of America and Cuba and Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippine Islands, Alaska, the Alestian Islands and all ships under the American flag.

This Company has also purchased all of the inventions of Prof. Pupin of Columbia University, as applied to wireless telegraphy, covering the tuning of electric circuits and receiving instruments. Prof. Pupin is the pioneer in this art and the purchase of his inventions in addition to the inventions of Marconi makes the position of this Company impregnable, giving it the control of the fundamental system of tuning instruments as well as the general proposition of wireless telegraphy. It is impossible to practice either of these arts without infringing this company's rights.

The Marconi System Is Endorsed by the World's Greatest Scientists

Signor Marconi's work has been endorsed by the leading scientists of the world: LORD KELVIN, GRAHAM BELL, PROFESSOR FLEMING, C. P. STEINMETZ, of the General Electric Co., PROF. PUPIN, EDISON, ELIHU THOMPSON, and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers

The rapid progress which has recently been made in the development of wireless telegraphy by Mr. Marconi is well known, and the demonstrated profits in its operation now afford the basis of a substantial commercial enterprise. **The Corporation formed in England to acquire and operate the said rights is carrying on a successful business and the £1 shares are now selling at about £3½ on the market.**

The American Company has acquired all the rights for the use of the entire system for the United States and all its dependencies and waters.

The revenues of the new Company may be roughly considered as consisting of practically immediate earnings and of prospective earnings.

Based on the estimates of the immediate earnings of the American Company upon the experience of the English Company, it is considered conservative to assume that **profits equal to reasonable dividends will be earned from the beginning**, and practically within immediate realization as soon as the necessary equipment can be provided, and that the natural growth only in the introduction and use of the system **will rapidly increase the profits**. These earnings come from communications between ships at sea and between ships and shores, and the English Company has arrangements with a number of Transatlantic liners, both English and foreign.

The English Company finds in practice that a profit of about £95 per voyage is realized by these vessels, and which would be equal to about \$3,000 per ship per annum. This profit is realized by the ships now using the old equipment, capable of communicating within only about 150 miles of the shore, thus limiting the use of the equipment to a small part of the voyage only. It is obvious that these earnings will be very much increased after the installation of the new equipment, capable of communicating with the shore at all times during the voyage, and \$5,000 per ship per annum is considered a conservative estimate of the increased earnings.

The Present Status of the Marconi System

It is the dominant and only practical system, not only because of its merits, but because of its patented rights and its position.

It is already established upon a practical and commercial footing throughout the world.

After severe and unfriendly tests by powerful interests intending to evade and defeat its claims and to find means to do without its use, it has been accepted by them.

It has been adopted by the British Admiralty and is being rapidly installed upon all the vessels of the British Navy.

It has been adopted and is being installed by the Italian Government and Navy.

It has been adopted by Lloyds for exclusive use in all its stations scattered throughout all the navigable waters and coasts of the entire world. This is under a contract for its exclusive use for a period of at least fourteen years. It is therefore impossible for any other alleged system to become similarly established.

Arrangements have been made for the installation of the Marconi system upon nearly all of the transatlantic passenger lines, including the North German Lloyd, and a considerable number of these ships have been already equipped.

The Marconi system has been established and is in successful operation at more than forty land stations, and this number is being rapidly increased.

Messages have been transmitted across a distance of over 1,500 miles of ocean.

More than 8,000 words have been transmitted from one ship during a period of a few hours' duration.

Receipts from messages have been taken on a single voyage during about two days' operating time amounting to \$300.

Secret communications which have not in any case been intercepted or interfered with are regularly transmitted between the Marconi stations.

Marconi messages can be transmitted at a speed of 22 words per minute.

Several messages can be transmitted at the same time from one Marconi station to another especially selected for their receipt.

The cost of the plant for the transmission of Marconi messages is infinitesimal in comparison with the cost of plant of any other method of communication.

Overland communication can be maintained at all times with a moving base, such as a motor car, a railway train or other object. This is very important in military operations.

It is feasible to establish lines of communication by the Marconi system impossible or unprofitable by cable by reason of coastwise conditions, destructive elements in the waters, none of which considerations affect transmission by the Marconi system.

Assuming only 50 out of the numerous Transatlantic Passenger Vessels operating between American and European ports to be equipped with the Marconi system would at this rate show a revenue of about \$500,000 per annum, and assuming that one-half of this would belong to the American Company, would show earnings sufficient in itself to pay a reasonable dividend, to say nothing of revenue from smaller craft.

The use of the system by persons aboard ship and ashore is rapidly growing, and there is no doubt that this use will continue to increase with great rapidity, and so as to cover daily news reports upon all passenger vessels, stock-exchange quotations and orders, and private and business communications, both to and from ship and shore. When it is fully realized by the public and the business world that these communications can be reliably made the use of the system will very quickly become established, and a slight increase in the volume of this business alone will afford good dividends.

A substantial revenue should also be realized from freighting vessels, both transatlantic and along the coast, and from all such an annual rental can be obtained. The number of such vessels is very great, and the revenue from this source should be an important item.

The receipts from transatlantic messages should amount to a very large sum. The speed capacity of transmission has proved to be about 22 words per minute. The average speed of the ordinary cable instruments is about 20 words per minute, although 25 is claimed, and as high as 45 has been attained on short lines. With the improved Marconi instruments a working average of 20 words is considered conservative.

Estimating the receipts from only one of a series of two such Marconi stations, working at half their capacity in speed transmission and operating one-half the time and at half the present cable rates per word, the receipts would amount to over a million dollars per annum. Naturally there will be several such series of stations.

Make Checks Payable to

E. ROLLINS MORSE & BRO., Bankers

6 WALL ST., NEW YORK

43 STATE ST., BOSTON

LETTER BOX INVENTOR DOREMUS' SLOT MACHINE

A Tremendous Factor in the Cigar Industry

This enterprise appeals particularly to careful, conservative business men. This is evidenced by the fact that during the past week numerous subscriptions have been received for blocks of 2,000 to 20,000 shares by conservative New York business men who have personally investigated the enterprise in all of its details.

**FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS
BUYS ONE THOUSAND
SHARES, WHICH SHOULD
PAY ONE THOUSAND DOL-
LARS A YEAR.**

Any banker knows that such stock must soon have a marketable value of five to ten dollars a share. Forty dollars now buys 100 shares, which should pay \$100 a year to the stockholder as soon as 100,000 machines are out, and the Company will begin to install the first 1,000 this week.

Action of Printers' Unions Greatly Increases the Value of Stock

The new vending machine patented by the letter-box and rapid-stamp-cancelling machine inventor, Willard D. Doremus, has developed in four weeks into a most important factor in the cigar business.

Development of the past few days indicates the widespread, national character of the monopoly it is to enjoy in the automatic selling of cigars.

Besides the great cigar and tobacco corporations which have applied for tens of thousands of the machines, the Typographers' Union has entered into an agreement which shows an entirely new road for immense profits for all concerned.

Attracted by its simple mechanism and its rapid money-making qualities, Typographical Union No. 6, the strongest Union in New York and the largest Typographical Union in the World, has made an agreement with the Doremus Company by which it is expected that thousands of machines will soon be working in the interests of both the Union and the Doremus Company.



On every sale of a five-cent cigar there is a two-cent profit. One cent of this goes to the Hospital Fund of the Typographical Union from every machine used in a printing office controlled by this Union, and the other cent to the Doremus Company.

One thousand machines are taken at once by Typographical Union No. 6 on this plan. Each machine will sell not less than eight or ten cigars a day. Many will sell twenty cigars to fifty a day. At eight cigars a day the Union will give to the Hospital Fund of the Typographical Union.

A like sum will go as profits to the Doremus Company. The same arrangement has already been made by Unions in other large cities and will be extended as soon as practicable throughout the country. Not less than fifty thousand machines, in the opinion of the Union's officers, will be used as soon as they can be supplied by the Typographers' Union all over America.

This should give these Unions a net income for their benefit funds of not less than One Million Dollars. It should give the Doremus Company, on one item alone, a like profit of One Million Dollars.

Practically all the Union organizations in the country are open to this same use of the machine for their benefit funds, which will raise immense sums without entailing any burden or expense whatever upon their members.

The company, in its estimate, expects to put out One Hundred Thousand Machines, and bases its estimates on this number, notwithstanding Willard D. Doremus, the inventor, says that he expects to see One Million of the Machines in use in America.

When one steps to consider the revenues from all the different sources available, the figures grow to an enormous sum. Yet it is in no way fanciful. The proprietor of the greatest system of chain stores in America examined the machine last week and pronounced it entirely practical for use in mercantile establishments. The representative of another mercantile establishment applied for ten thousand machines for the exploitation of one line of commodities.

No piece of simple mechanism ever placed before the public has created the same amount of interest from business men of all branches of trade, and no stock offered recently to the public has been so liberally subscribed to by conservative, careful investors.

The machine is a money maker of the most practical type. No lucky strikes about it. The enthusiastic co-operation of its thousands of stockholders throughout the entire United States. It is a monopoly—truly a people's monopoly.

Willard D. Doremus invented two of the most successful contrivances ever adopted by the U. S. Government—the familiar street letter box and the rapid stamp cancelling machine, which, by the simple turning of a crank, cancels 40,000 stamps an hour.

THIS VENDING MACHINE IS FAR AND AWAY THE MOST SUCCESSFUL INVENTION HE HAS EVER MADE.

THIS STOCK WILL POSITIVELY BE ADVANCED TO 50 CENTS PER SHARE ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 14. ALL STOCK ORDERED BY MAIL OR WIRE UP TO AND INCLUDING TUESDAY, MAY 13, WILL BE FILLED.

A POPULAR MONOPOLY

STOCK
NOW
SELLING
FOR

**40
CENTS
A SHARE
SHOULD
PAY 100
PERCENT.**

Dividends
ON A PAR
VALUE OF
**\$1.00 AS
SOON AS
THE FIRST
100,000
Machines
Are in
Operation.**



In order to determine the exact standing of the invention the matter was submitted for investigation to Hon. A. P. Greely, former Acting U. S. Commissioner of Patents. This is his opinion, also given by his present business associate—

Washington, D. C.,
March 21, 1902.

Doremus Automatic Vending
Company, New York, N. Y.:

Dear Sir:—Upon consideration of the several patents and investigations, we are of opinion that the claims of the several patents are valid; that in particular, claim 1, reissue No. 11740, and claims 1 and 2 of the Doremus patent No. 696,210, are broad in scope and are entitled to the broadest construction which their terms permit; AND THAT ALL OF THE SAID PATENTS TAKEN TOGETHER AFFORD A MONOPOLY IN THAT TYPE OF VENDING MACHINE NOW KNOWN AS THE DOREMUS AUTOMATIC VENDING MACHINE.

Yours respectfully,
A. P. GREEELY,
JOSEPH L. ATKINS.

This is the best expert opinion of the country, and indicates that the extraordinary profits of the Doremus Automatic Vending Company must continue uninterrupted for a long term of years.

DOREMUS AUTOMATIC VENDING CO.

WILLARD D. DOREMUS, President ORSON G. McCALL, Secretary
CAPITAL STOCK - - - \$3,000,000 (Full Paid and Non-Assessable)

GENERAL OFFICES, 135 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
North American Trust Co., Depository, No. 135 Broadway, New York, Corporation Trust Co. of New Jersey, No. 135 Broadway, New York, Registrar.

3,000,000 SHARES, PAR VALUE \$1 EACH
500,000 Shares AND NO MORE Will Be Sold for Treasury Purposes

THE RIGHT IS RESERVED TO REFUND MONEY IN CASE OF OVERSUBSCRIPTION ON ANY ALLOTMENT, AND AT THE RATE THE SHARES ARE GOING NOW THE ALLOTMENT AT 40 CENTS WILL BE EXHAUSTED WITHIN A FEW DAYS.

Applications for stock in amounts of fifty shares or over should be made without delay. TO INSURE participation in the allotment at 40 cents a share, remittance covering the amount desired, in cash, check or money order, made payable to THE DOREMUS AUTOMATIC VENDING COMPANY, should be mailed at the earliest possible moment. Reservations may be telegraphed.

**HOW THE STOCK CAN PAY
100 Per Cent a Year on its Full Par Value**

The 100,000 machines which can be placed at once and operated directly by the Company for the sale of cigars should make the stock worth ten times its par value. This includes only the largest cities. The following estimate is from careful observation and is founded on propositions now received:—

From sets already made in many machines, an average daily sale of eight cigars a day a machine is a very low estimate. Many of them will sell twenty, fifty a day.

Allowing a net profit of only one cent on each cigar, the profit from this group of machines would be, per day - - - - - \$64,000
This will be, per year - - - - - \$23,200,000
Less cost of handling - - - - - 200,000

Net profits from ONLY the Cigar Branch, in a territory operated directly by the Company - - - - - \$23,000,000
The revenue derived from the sales of articles other than cigars should easily double these figures.

Come to the Company's offices and see the machines for yourself. By actual calculation over 90 per cent of the people who have examined the machines personally have bought stock.

Make Remittance by Draft, Check or Postal Order to Doremus Automatic Vending Co. North American Trust Co. B'd'g 135 Broadway, New York
Machines in Operation and Remittances Received at all Offices
Boston office, Room 711 Exchange Building | Philadelphia office, Winn & Prince, Room 500 Betz Building | Chicago office, Rooms 441-445 Marquette Building

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"I fully realize the great importance of using Williams' Shaving Soap in my business, for by using Williams' Soap I am able to assure my patrons the same comfort and safety in shaving that they experience in traveling on the trains that arrive at and depart from this great station, and to always give them a satisfactory and refreshing shave."
(Signed) JAMES P. CAREY,
Proprietor of Barber Shop,
Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used exclusively in all the great terminal stations, such as the Grand Central, New York; Broad St. Station, Pa. R. R., Philadelphia; the Union Stations in Boston, Albany, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, etc., etc.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.

LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

“FOR 34 YEARS A STANDARD PIANO”

THE WING PIANO

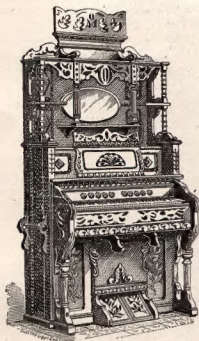
You need this book IF YOU INTEND TO BUY A PIANO. A Book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship, and finish; will tell you how to know good from bad. It describes the materials used; gives pictures of all the different parts, and tells how they should be made and put together. It is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 116 large pages, and is named “The Book of Complete Information about Pianos.” We send it free to any one wishing to buy a piano. Write for it.

Save from \$100 to \$200 We make the WING PIANO and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen. When you buy the WING PIANO you pay the actual cost of construction and our small wholesale profit. This profit is small because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from \$100 to \$200 profit on each. They can't help it.

This Piano is the largest upright made—being our concert grand with longest strings, largest size of sound-board and most powerful action, giving the greatest volume and power of tone. It has 7 1/3 octaves, with overstrung scale, copper-wound bass strings; three strings in the middle and treble registers; “hulltop” wreath planks, “dove-tailed” top and bottom frame; “hulltop” end case construction; extra heavy metal plate; solid maple frame; Canadian Spruce sound-board; noiseless pedal action; Ivory and ebony keys highly polished; hammers treated by our special tone-regulating device, making them elastic and very durable; grand revolving fall-board; full duet music desk.
Case is made in Circassian walnut, figured mahogany, genuine quartered oak, and ebony; ornamented with handsome carved mouldings and hand-carving on the music desk, trusses, pilasters, top and bottom frame.

IN 34 YEARS 33,000 PIANOS

We refer to over 33,000 satisfied purchasers in ever part of the United States. WING PIANOS are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship, or material.



We Pay Freight. SENT ON TRIAL. No Money in Advance

We will send any WING PIANO to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.

Old instruments taken in exchange. **Easy Monthly Payments**

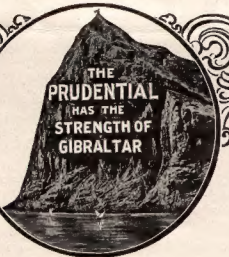
Instrumental Attachment

A special feature of the Wing Piano: it imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither, and banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by an entire orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.

WING ORGANS

are just as carefully made as Wing Pianos. They have a sweet, powerful, lasting tone, easy action, very handsome appearance, need no tuning. Wing Organs are sold direct from the factory, sent on trial; are sold on easy monthly payments. For catalogue and prices write to

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1868—34th YEAR—1902



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has been described as “the poor man's friend and the rich man's bank.” A concise and truthful description, for men of all classes and grades of wealth avail themselves of it and are insured in

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INSURANCE COMPANY
OF AMERICA

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WHILE you are away this summer take care that your complexion is not ruined by sun and wind. The skin is kept perfectly smooth and the face washed without irritation if you always have with you a cake of

Woodbury's Facial Soap

Pure, antiseptic, and scientifically adapted to the skin. Frees pores from impurities. Allays irritations, sunburn, etc. Soothes while cleansing. Does not injure the most sensitive skin. Essentially a skin soap—for toilet, bath and nursery.

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WE HAVE DIRECTED ATTENTION IN THIS NUMBER to the vast and growing preponderance of the Western members of the Union as regards agricultural, industrial and mining productivity. The fact is sometimes overlooked that the same section has long exercised political ascendancy. As early as the close of the first decade of the nineteenth century the House of Representatives was dominated by young "Harry of the West," who was justified in directing that his tomb should bear the epitaph, "He made the War of 1812." In 1824 the region west of the Alleghenies put forward two candidates for the Presidency—to wit, Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson—and in 1828 succeeded in placing the latter in the White House. From that time until September, 1901, the States west of the Alleghenies have been successively represented in the office of Chief Magistrate by Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, William Henry Harrison of Ohio, James K. Polk of Tennessee, Zachary Taylor of Mississippi, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, U. S. Grant of Ohio, R. B. Hayes of Ohio, J. A. Garfield of Ohio, Benjamin Harrison of Indiana and William McKinley of Ohio. During a period of seventy-three years the only Presidents belonging to the original thirteen States, and those three were Presidents by accident, were Martin Van Buren of New York, John Tyler of Virginia, Millard Fillmore of New York, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, Chester A. Arthur of New York and Grover Cleveland of the same State. In the elections of 1896 and 1900 one of the nation's great political parties transcended for the first time the limits of the Middle West and in Mr. William J. Bryan sought a candidate for the Presidency in the country beyond the Mississippi.

THE STEAMSHIP TRUST, ORGANIZED BY MR. J. Pierpont Morgan, comprehending as it does a considerable part of the British mercantile marine, has been the subject of animated discussion in the London newspapers and in the House of Commons. There seems to have been an apprehension in many quarters that the control of the ocean-carrying trade would be diverted by the new organization from the United Kingdom to the United States. As a matter of fact the British steamship lines which have been included in the combination have been Americanized only in the sense that they will be managed hereafter by capitalists residing in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia instead of in London, Liverpool and Glasgow. There is no ground, apparently, for the misgiving that the vessels may be transferred from the British to the American flag, or that the new steamships which will be needed from time to time by the various lines embraced in the organization will be built in American instead of in British shipyards. There has been merely a change of ownership. The old vessels will continue to be run under the British flag, so long as they can thus be run more cheaply, and the new vessels needed will be built in British shipyards so long as they can be constructed there at lower prices. All that has happened is that the British public has received a concrete demonstration of the fact, lately pointed out by Sir Robert Giffen, that the wealth of the United States already exceeds by a third the wealth of the United Kingdom, and that British capital must consequently see itself displaced by American investors seeking remunerative employment for their surplus. Another proof that England has ceased to be the money-lender of the world is supplied by the fact that two American financiers, Morgan and Yerkes, are competing with one another for the privilege of providing the British metropolis with an adequate system of underground transportation.

MR. BOURKE COCKRAN, WHO, DURING A RECENT visit to Rome, had an interview with Leo XIII., reports that the Pope seemed physically stronger than he was five years ago. Such an extraordinary exhibition of vitality at an advanced age must be attributed in part, no doubt, to innate vigor of constitution, but also, in part, to an exemplary regularity of habits. Dr. Lepponi, the Pope's physician, has given an account of the routine of the Pope's life. Leo XIII. rises somewhat before nine, and, after celebrating mass, partakes of coffee. From half-past nine until one he receives visitors. He has dinner at two; it consists of a little soup, a little white meat, a little fruit and a little claret and water, except on fast days, when fish and green

vegetables are substituted for the flesh. After dinner the Pope reads the papers, or rather cuttings made from them for him by his secretary. From four till eight he writes letters and attends to current business. At nine, he sups off a bowl of soup and a boiled egg, and at about eleven he goes to bed.

ALTHOUGH THE NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE RE- fused to appropriate a sum of money for the extermination of the mosquito, it is understood that the Governor of that State will provide the means for continuing scientific experiments to that end. Since it has been proved that the germs of malarial fever can be communicated to human beings only by a certain species of mosquito, the importance of destroying the insect has come to be widely recognized. The Italian Government and Italian men of science are endeavoring to ascertain what practical measures can be taken for the purpose. It has been discovered that there is a particular aniline dye which, even when very much diluted, will kill the larvae of mosquitoes. There is also a powder made from the flowers of the Pyrethrum Roseum, which is said to be very efficient against mosquitoes when burned in a room or distributed through the air by means of bellows. Experiments in a different direction have been conducted by Professor Grassi with a view to learning what drugs are best fitted to eradicate the malarial poison after this has been lodged in a human body. He selected one of the most malarious places in Italy—Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber—and administered to a number of persons pills composed of quinine, arsenic, iron and a further ingredient which is vaguely described in a Consular Report as "bitter herbs." "The results seem to have been satisfactory, and Dr. Grassi is preparing a full report on them which will be published in English as well as in Italian.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT, UNDER BRITISH RULE, the vast population of India enjoys complete immunity from the curse of the internal wars by which the peninsula used to be devastated, and also enjoys as absolute security of life and property as is attainable anywhere on earth. This is, undoubtedly, a marvellous achievement, and may be compared with the *pax Romana* which the strong hand of the Roman Republic gave to the Mediterranean world. It is, nevertheless, true that peace and security are maintained in India at a cost which weighs heavily upon the ryots, or agricultural laborers, who constitute by far the largest fraction of the inhabitants. The effect of the land assessment and of the salt duty, which fall upon his shoulders, is to reduce his average income, according to a high authority, to five dollars and fifty cents per annum. Even if we accept Lord Curzon's estimate of ten dollars per annum, this, it will be noticed, is equivalent to only about three cents per day. Sir Rowland Wilson, who was for many years Reader in Indian Law at the University of Cambridge, declared the other day at a meeting of the East Indian Association that the appalling extent to which the ryot had been impoverished was quite sufficient to silence all boasting about the blessings of British rule in India.

WIDELY DIFFERENT OPINIONS HAVE BEEN RE- cently expressed in England by leaders of the Liberal party touching the expediency of retaining the demand for Irish Home Rule in their Parliamentary programme. Lord Rosebery, for his part, has openly repudiated Home Rule, regarding it, he says, as a purely academic proposal, outside the realm of practical politics. Mr. Asquith differs from Lord Rosebery in that he expresses regret at the failure of the movement, but he concurs with the ex-Premier in believing that the majority of the English electorate will never consent to give Ireland legislative independence. Mr. John Morley, on the other hand, is as determined as he ever was to keep the Irish claim to self-government in the foreground of public discussion, and his faith in the ultimate triumph of the movement is unshaken. Lord Spencer, who, it will be remembered, was for eight years Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, has lately declared in a pamphlet that nothing has happened since 1886 to alter the conviction based on his personal experience that Ireland ought to have self-government. He analyzes the reasons given for abandoning Home Rule, and points out that the Local Government act, instead of making Home Rule unnecessary, has stimulated the demand for it.

As to the assertion that Ireland cannot expect Home Rule so long as she shows herself disloyal, Lord Spencer reminds us that as a physician, when his patient has a special symptom of disease, does not wait until it disappears before applying his remedy; his patient might die. In the same way Lord Spencer and those Liberals who believe in Home Rule for Ireland will not consent to postpone an attempt to give it until the Irish are loyal; for, should they do this, the improvement of Ireland would never take place.

HIS RECENT VISIT TO LONDON AND HIS ATTEMPT to persuade the British Government to accept the mediation of Holland in South Africa has directed general attention to Dr. Kuyper, the Prime Minister of the Netherlands. For an ecclesiastic to discharge the duties of a statesman was common enough in former times, but we believe that within the last hundred years Dr. Kuyper is the first Doctor of Divinity to be a Premier. A Calvinist to the core, he edited at one time a religious journal and afterward became the editor of a daily paper. He is now in his sixty-fifth year, yet is undoubtedly the strongest man intellectually in Dutch public life. He is, it seems, as different as possible from the typical phlegmatic Dutchman, for he talks in the liveliest fashion and in debate is a florid orator.

THE REVIVAL OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE IS BEING vigorously prosecuted in Ireland and seems likely to attain an even larger measure of success than has attended the revival of Welsh, which has gone on for a number of years in Wales. The fact is often overlooked that a hundred years ago a very large fraction of the Irish people spoke their native tongue exclusively and another large fraction was bilingual. Even now in the west of Ireland the vernacular is spoken by a considerable part of the inhabitants. Now that the Irish tongue is no longer excluded from the Board schools its tendency to extinction will no doubt be arrested. Not in Ireland alone has the Irish tongue survived. Most persons will be surprised to hear that in the Bahamas the Irish language is still spoken among the mixed descendants of the Irishmen patriots banished long ago by Cromwell to the West Indies. It seems that in the East End of London one can occasionally meet mulatto sailors from the Bahamas who cannot speak a word of English, but who talk Irish to the old Irish applewomen who gather around the docks.

THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL Rochambeau in Washington on May 24 should have the effect of awakening public attention to the pre-eminence of the services rendered by him to the cause of American independence. The importance of the part played by Lafayette in our Revolutionary War has been absurdly overrated. Lafayette was a young Frenchman of rank whose generous sympathies led him, against the wishes of his family, to cross the Atlantic, and to offer his sword, together with pecuniary assistance, to the American rebels against British rule. In other words, he did for us precisely what Lord Byron was to do later for the Greeks. After all, however, Lafayette, like the Pole, Pulaski, or like Von Steuben, was simply an individual volunteer whose philanthropic motives received due recognition in the shape of high military command at the hands of the Continental Congress. Rochambeau, on the other hand, came to this country, not as a volunteer, but as the Generalissimo of the forces sent across the Atlantic by our national ally, Louis XVI., to co-operate with the Continental Army under Washington. Had the co-operation been no more effective than that which the Prince de Soubise had rendered to Austria during the Seven Years' War it would have been worse than useless. As a matter of fact, Rochambeau avoided any assumption of superior experience or of independent authority that might have impaired the cordiality of his relations with the American commander and the success of their concerted movements. Washington himself was the first to acknowledge that Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, which practically brought our war for independence to a triumphant close, could not have been brought about without Rochambeau's assistance. Both on account of his personal services and as the official representative of the French monarchy, which befriended us in the hour of adversity, Rochambeau deserves the highest honor that the American people can bestow.



The Sultan of Sulu—the most important Ruler of the Island of the Moro Tribes—Entering Jolo with his Attendants to Sign the Treaty with the United States, in which he Recognized the Sovereignty of this Nation. The only Photograph known to have been taken of this Historic Scene



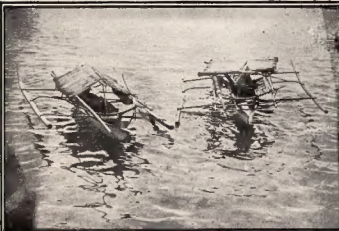
Moros Engaged at Bull Fighting



A Moro Datto or Chief and his Attendants



A Group of Moros with Water-Buffalo



Types of Moro Boats



Moros Racing their Ponies



A Barong Native Bolo Dance



Moros with Fighting Knives



Mounted Moros on the March



United States Hospital Corps Administering to a Wounded Native during the Recent Operations

WITH THE MORO FILIPINOS—IN OUR VERY FARTHEST "WEST"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN J. R. M. TAYLOR, 14TH INFANTRY U.S.A.

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The TRUE AFFAIRS in the PHILIPPINES

By Governor General William H. Taft.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—ON THE RETURN OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL TAFT FROM THE PHILIPPINES, TO TESTIFY BEFORE THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE ISLANDS, HE PROMISED TO PREPARE FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY A COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE SETTING FORTH THE RESULTS OF HIS LABORS IN AMERICANIZING THE FILIPINOS. THE PRESENT ARTICLE SHOWS HOW EFFECTIVE WORKING GOVERNMENTS WERE ESTABLISHED IN THE PACIFIED PROVINCES, AND, DISCARDING THE INEVITABLE SENSATIONAL CHARGES OF MILITARY MALFEASANCE, CONSEQUENT ON THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A SEMI-SAVAGE COUNTRY, EXPLAINS IN A PLAIN, STRAIGHTFORWARD WAY HOW METHODS OF CIVILIZATION ARE BEING INAUGURATED IN OUR VERY FARTHEST WEST.

MAKING AMERICAN CITIZENS OF FILIPINOS



Not yet Pacified

UNDER THE Municipal Code in force in the Philippines all the officers of the city, including the council, are elected by the qualified voters of the town. The qualifications of a voter are, in addition to residence in the town, either that he shall speak and read the Spanish or the English language, or that he shall pay taxes to the amount of fifteen dollars gold a year, or that he shall be one of the principals of the town—that is, one who has at any time held a municipal office in the town.

The effect of these qualifications is to limit the electorate to about fifteen per cent of the adult males resident in a town. The remaining eighty-five per cent are so densely ignorant and so completely under the despotic control of some one of the local headmen, that no one at all familiar with the situation, even among extremists, would recommend their being given the franchise.

When the general provincial law came up for discussion, it was a serious question whether any of the natives should be elected. The bill as drawn, however, provided for the election of the provincial governor at a convention to be made up of the municipal councilors and the vice-presidents of the towns of the provinces. The provincial treasurer, the provincial supervisor and the provincial secretary were to be selected under the civil service laws, and the provincial fiscal or prosecuting attorney was to be appointed.

Under the original appointments which the Commission had to make in organizing each province, where it was possible, the Commission selected a native for governor, but always selected an American for treasurer, an American for supervisor or provincial engineer, and natives for the offices of secretary and prosecuting attorney. This gave in the Provincial Board, consisting of the governor, the treasurer and the secretary, a majority of Americans, while a majority of all the officers of the province were natives. The Commission made earnest effort in temporarily appointing native governors to secure popular men of intelligence and education whose loyalty was assured. In some provinces it was found impossible without making trouble to select natives for governors because of the existence of factions, whose good-will the Commission desired to cultivate, and the selection of a governor from one of which would have been regarded as taking sides by the Commission.

The Philippine Commission organized the first provinces, the province of Pangasinan, under the general provincial law in February, 1901, and the last one, the province of Zamboela, in August of the same year. The only important provinces which remain to be organized among the Christian Filipinos are Laguna, Samar and Mindoro.

FILIPINOS LIKE THE FRANCHISE

At the time of the discussion of the provincial law, Filipinos of all classes expressed great satisfaction at the terms of the law and welcomed with one accord the provision that the office of governor should be elective, and were evidently as much surprised as they were gratified at this feature. There was much criticism among American and foreign residents of Manila, and in those circles which took the military view of the situation of a plan which gave the people any popular voice for the present in the provincial governments, and therefore the result of the elections which were held in February last was looked forward to with a great deal of interest both by those who approved the legislation of the Commission and those who thought that the situation demanded a more conservative policy. It is not too much to say that the result has been most gratifying to the members of the civil government. The "Manila American," a Manila daily paper, which has usually been most severe in condemning the civil government and upholding the view that what is needed is a continued strong and military government, has this to say of the elections:

"In a general way it must be said that the elections for governors have been most satisfactory and the results in the main gratifying. A complete canvass of the election returns, as far as they have been received, must certainly be a source of satisfaction to Governor Wright and the other members of the Civil Commission. Not only were the elections conducted in a quiet and orderly manner, without friction or violence anywhere, but the native people have in the main confirmed the selections the Commission had made for them in the initiative of the civil régime. Not that 'The American' approves of all these selections, but it is sufficiently imbued with democratic principles to stand by the choice of the people in a fair election with an honest count. We think this is one of the highest compliments that could possibly have been paid the civil legislative body. It is tangible and meaningful."

PROOFS OF PACIFICATION IN THE VARIOUS PROVINCES

At the risk of being tedious, I shall refer in some detail to the various provinces:

Abra is an Ilocano province in northwestern Luzon, lying

in a large pocket in the mountains and reached only from the coast through a canyon of the broad and shallow Abra River. It was, in the fall of 1900, very much disturbed and insurrection prospered there. The leading family was the Villamor family. There were two cousins of that name who led the insurrecto forces. The brother of one of them, Ignacio Villamor, lived in Manila and was appointed by the Commission first a prosecuting attorney of the province of Pangasinan and after a judge of the court of First Instance in the district of Cavité, Laguna and Tayabas, where he has done good work.

The two insurgent cousins surrendered with all their forces in the spring of 1901 and the province became completely pacified. Petitions were sent to the Commission from the people asking organization under the provincial law very shortly after, but the Commission was unable to comply with the request until August of that year. There were two parties in the province, one headed by the Villamors and the other by the president of the town of Bangued, the capital, whose loyalty to the American Government had been somewhat older than that of the Villamors. The Commission solved the difficulty thus presented by appointing Major Bowen, who had given great satisfaction as military governor of the province, civil governor, and appointing Juan Villamor secretary and the president of Bangued as prosecuting attorney. In the election in February, Major Bowen declined to stand as a candidate and Colonel Juan Villamor was elected. Complete tranquility



The Staff Officers of an Insurgent Column. The Surgeon with this Column was a very Intelligent Doctor and carried with him a Set of First-class Instruments

prevails in the province. It is entirely possible to go from one end of it to the other without molestation and the provincial government is a real one.

The resources of the province are slender, but sufficient to pay the running expenses. To start the provinces when they had no funds in their treasury the general government loaned to each one that asked for it the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars. The officers of Abra Province, however, were prudent and concluded not to borrow this money, though they could have had it without interest, and now they have all their expenses paid and five hundred dollars in the treasury.

HOW ALBAY WAS PACIFIED

When the Commission organized the province of Albay, which is in southeastern Luzon on the Pacific coast, late in April, 1901, there were about two hundred and fifty to three hundred insurrectos in the mountains under the command of an insurgent leader and it was thought wise to appoint an American governor. Captain A. U. Betts of the Volunteers was selected. He had had a military command at Tabaco in the province and the army inspector's reports showed that he was quite successful in the organization of schools and of municipal governments. Within two months the insurgent leader by an active campaign was induced to surrender, and since that time there has been complete peace in the province.



An Insurgent Column on the March Equipped with Modern Rifles and Carry^{ing} Plenty of Ammunition. The two Small Photographs on this Page were sent in by an Officer at the Front

The province forms a contrast to Abra in that it is very rich. It is a province where hemp is produced and that is always the source of much wealth. The ordinary day wage in the Philippine Islands under the American sovereignty is fifty cents Mexican. Under the Spanish it was from twenty to twenty-five cents Mexican. It is now gradually increasing, but in Albay so great has been the demand for labor and so well able were the hemp raisers to pay wages that the daily wage or "jornal" has gone up to one dollar and twenty-five cents and one dollar and fifty cents Mexican.

Governor Betts has been most enterprising and successful. The treasurer and supervisor are also inspired with the same feeling. The treasurer has made large collections of taxes and the supervisor is exceedingly active in building roads and bridges and repairing those that are there. There were on the 31st of December last, after the payment of all expenses, the sum of twenty-five thousand and sixty-five dollars in the treasury. Captain Betts stood for election and was successful. He has imported American agricultural machinery and is enthusiastic as to the possibilities of the development of the province, with its wealth and the intelligence of the education and uplifting of the people.

The people of Albay are Bicolos. They speak a different language from Tagalog and they are quite jealous of any preference of Tagalogs in their provinces. I am just in receipt of an invitation which reads as follows:

"Ourselves and family are respectfully invited to attend the First Inaugural Ball of Governor Colonel A. U. Betts of the Province of Albay to be given on the first day of March at 9 P.M. at the Governor's house in Albay."

A ROUGH RIDER GOVERNOR

Ambos Camarines is the most southerly of the Tagalog provinces of Luzon and embraces what were formerly north and south Camarines. Captain Curry of the Rough Riders, and afterward of the Eleventh Cavalry, was first appointed governor and then, upon his selection for chief of police of Manila, he was succeeded by Governor James Ross, also a former volunteer officer of the Rough Riders.

The province of Ambos Camarines, or at least the part of it known as South Camarines, produces in its normal condition a large quantity of rice, but the loss by disease of the carabaos or water buffaloes, which are so necessary in the cultivation of rice as it is cultivated in the Philippines, has very much injured the crop. It was reported to the Commission that there was danger of starvation in the province and the Commission appropriated out of the central treasury twenty-five thousand dollars to be loaned to the province for the purpose of the construction of roads through those districts which were likely to be affected by famine. The new rice crop, however, seems to have relieved the situation. Roads are being rapidly improved or built. Governor Ross, though there were a number of candidates, was elected. The province had at the end of December thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-six dollars in its treasury. It is a large province and was in former times a rich one.

MAKING OFFICIALS OF INSURGENTS

The province of Antique is on the island of Panay and is that part of the island which is enclosed between the spurs of mountains running north and south and the coast line. Here, too, an American officer—a regular officer in this instance—Major Holbrook, was appointed governor.

The office of secretary was offered to Leandro Fullon, the young and active commander of the insurgents who surrendered shortly before the Commission had visited the province, and it was said had surrendered not only because he was so harassed by American troops, but also because the provincial organization of the province under the civil government was promised. Major Holbrook declined to stand for election and Señor Fullon, who had declined the secretaryship and had gone to Manila, having returned, was elected.

Antique is a province one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty miles long and about twenty to thirty miles wide. It is not rich, but the province has been able enough to pay the expenses of the provincial government. On the 30th of November there was three thousand two hundred and twenty-five dollars in the treasury, with all debts paid.

EMBEZZLERS NOT GOOD GOVERNORS

The province of Bataan lies on the west side of Manila, about twenty-five miles from that city, and embraces the Merivates Mountains and the peninsula which runs down from the main body of Luzon to form the western border of Manila Bay and ends at the town of Merivates, which is just opposite the island of Corregidor, the entrance to the bay.

In the election held in Bataan there was a great deal of interest. The candidates were José Lorma, J. H. Goldman and Tomas del Rosario. José Lorma had been appointed by the Commission secretary of the province, and J. H. Goldman had been appointed governor. Tomas del Rosario, one of the leading members of the Federal party, is a gentleman of education and wealth, with political ambition, and a native of the province, though a resident of Manila.

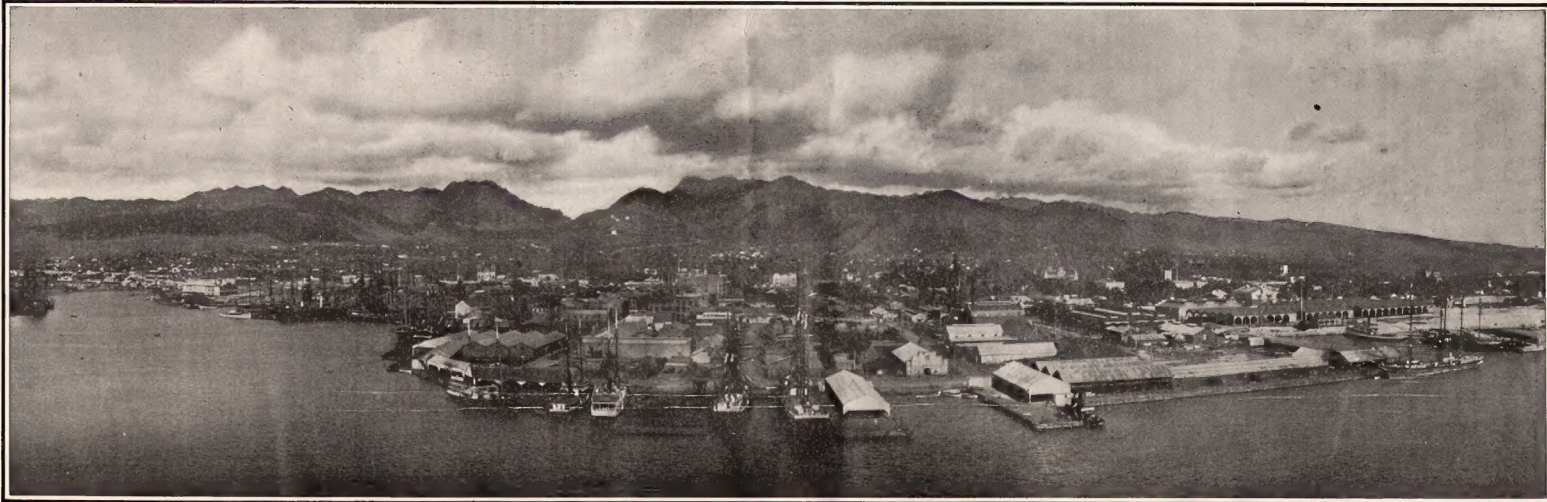
The result of the election was as follows: Lorma 34, Goldman 20, Rosario 15, and scattering 20. The presiding officer of the convention, a friend of Lorma, declared Lorma elected, although the statute provided that the person receiving a majority of the votes should be declared governor. This necessitated a new election, which was ordered for February, at

TWO PACIFIC SEAPORTS OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT AND THE AMERICAN FARTHEST WEST



A PANORAMA OF SAN FRANCISCO.—San Francisco looks out toward its future empire, the Pacific, through the Golden Gate. The picture shows the great and swiftly-growing metropolis, massed about its sea-ways, and beyond are the hills that form the Golden Horn. Outside lies the Pacific, which is already pouring rich tribute into the city's treasury, and will pour more as the years go by. San Francisco is one of the most delightful places in the United States, and its splendid situation makes it perpetually beautiful and insures its prosperity.

HONOLULU FROM THE SEA.—As Honolulu is approached from the sea, its white buildings rise from the azure waters and the green depths of tropical forest. Almost every house stands in the midst of a luxuriant and beautiful grove. The spacious office buildings, denoting the seat and triumph of Western civilization, have in recent years added much to the impressiveness of this enchanting scene. This picture was made by a photographer from the mast-head of a ship in the offing and conveys an excellent idea of the harbor.





The Vice-Presidents and the Councilmen Assembled in Convention at San Fernando, Union, for the Purpose of Electing a Provincial Governor for Two Years. Photograph from Governor-General Taft

which Governor Goldman received a majority of the votes and was accordingly inaugurated as governor.

The announcement that Lerma had been elected governor called forth considerable denunciation of him as one who had embezzled funds of the insurgents on the one hand and who had, while in the employment of the United States army, furnished information to Mascardo, the insurrecto leader in Bataan and Zambales, on the other. In view of these charges Lerma withdrew at the election which followed.

A political pamphlet in Tagalog was distributed in Bataan province before the gubernatorial elections which I should be glad to set out in full, but lack of space forbids. The pamphlet is supposed to be in favor of Señor del Rosario and says:

"The great wisdom of the Civil Commission, when they organized the provincial governments, purposely set apart the positions of governor, secretary and fiscal for the Filipinos, perhaps for the purpose of finding out whether we are yet able to govern, as we desire and ask; and for this we kept up the revolution for three years. If in the coming elections we should give our votes to an American for governor, or to another who is not a fellow-townsmen of ours, we ourselves would demonstrate to the administration that we have no fellow-townsmen who are capable of ruling our people, and we would also demonstrate to the other nations the silliness of our aspirations for liberty and the madness of our revolution from the time of the Spanish government. . . .

"In reserving the office of governor for the Filipinos the noble American Government had no other object than to

counterbalance the rights of the treasurer and supervisor, which offices were purposely reserved for the Americans; that is to say, so that the governor should defend our rights and direct and interest himself in the welfare of the towns, and the province and be the representative of the Filipinos before the government, in case persons who are not of our race should not acknowledge us. At the same time they appointed two Americans in the government to assist the governor; he should be the representatives of the American Government and should see to the enforcement of its rights if we or the governor should by error fail to recognize them. If this office which is reserved for the Filipinos is given by us to a stranger it is the same as though we had wrecked the happiness of our people now that we ourselves have voluntarily nullified our power in the government and as though we had squandered the riches of our fathers which we might have depended upon in our adversity."

The article proceeds to attack the Filipinos who favor Americans merely to cultivate the good-will of Americans and those of Spanish proclivities who favor incompetent or vicious Filipinos; it calls upon the people to vindicate their capability for government and to refute the statements of their incapacity by electing one of their own to the important office of governor. The appeal in this particular instance was not successful. There are neither ladrones nor insurrectos in Bataan.

WIREPULLING IN A FRIARS' PROVINCE
In Bulacan, a province next north of old Manila province,

in which the friars own sixty thousand acres of very fine land and where the hostility to the friars is both agrarian and political, the Commission had appointed as governor Captain José Serapio, said to be an uncle of Aguinaldo and in Spanish times the head of a company of native troops.

Serapio was appointed on the recommendation of General Grant as one who had favored him in suppressing the insurrection. His appointment, however, created a good deal of opposition and criticism and charges were made that he was more or less favorable to the friars' interests in that province. Due to this fact Serapio was defeated and Colonel Pablo Tecson, one of the brightest and best of the insurgent leaders, was elected. At the close of the year 1901 the province had in its treasury eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-three dollars without debts. The mountains of Bulacan are not entirely free from cattle thieves, but elsewhere is peace.

Next week, in a concluding paper, Governor-General Taft describes the condition of affairs in Northern Luzon, Cavite, and other provinces which are ruled over by former insurgent Filipinos, including the district affected by the "Army Scandal," giving some curious phases which have grown out of the work of forming governments, and shows why we may look for a speedy termination of hostilities and be assured that the near future will witness the phenomenon of an American colony in the Orient, governed principally by its native inhabitants.—Ed.

STRENUOUS LIFE IN THE WEST—PRESENT AND PASSING



On the Great Cattle Ranges of the Northwest—Scenes that will be soon Emblematical of the Past, with the Coming of Wire-Fenced Ranges and the Peaceful Breeding of Cattle in the "Grass Country"



Lassoing a Steer



Throwing a Steer for Branding



Subduing a Wild Bronco



The Passing of the Big Grizzly



The Last of the Buffalo



A Cowboy's Cafe

The most picturesque scenes of the most picturesque country in the world are rapidly becoming traditions. Wild life on the cattle ranges is giving way to peaceful stock-raising, hunting the grizzly is a lost art almost, and the hunter who stalks the "big horn" leaves civilization far behind. In a few years these conditions which stirred men's blood will become "old wives' tales"

The BUILDING UP of the PRAIRIE WEST

By *William Allen White*,
author of "The Real Issue
and other stories", etc.

THE STORY of the transformation of a shifting ocean of sand that once was labelled "The Great American Desert" into a civilized community is an old story. It has been told in the legends of the real estate circular; it has been dimmed into the ears of nations by newspapers; it has become trite and commonplace by its contemptible familiarity. But suppose one had told in the Temple of Jerusalem twenty centuries ago how a wilderness had been changed into a great market-place in half the time it took the children of Israel to go from Egypt to the Promised Land? Would not the story of this miracle be a sufficient foundation on which to base the proofs of the existence of the true and living God who did it? The miraculous growth of the West shows forth as clearly the hand of a guiding, omniscient Providence as do the miracles and signs and wonders done by the Christ in Judea. For is it not as startling to see a territory larger than half of Europe change in a decade from the domain of the red man to the civilization of the white man as to have seen the miracle of the loaves and fishes? We who live in this twentieth century are enjoying a privilege as high in seeing with our own eyes these marvels of God's workmanship as were they who saw the Christ working His wonders in the temple.

"HUSTLERS" OF THE PLAINS

Out West, here on the prairie, this transmutation has come so quickly that it is possible to get that perspective which enables one to see in some measure how the thing was wrought, the making of which he saw and of which he was some small part. Of course, the settlement of the West has not differed from the settlement of any other Anglo-Saxon community in history, save in one thing—the element of time. The plainmen have done in four decades what the Puritans were nearly three centuries doing, and what must have taken the Angles and the Saxons nearly a thousand years to complete. The plainmen have had steam and electricity and that Archimedean lever, the printing press, to aid them; and yet in spirit the boomer of the sixties and seventies differed little from the old Saxon adventurers and from the Puritan fathers who came to Plymouth Rock. The home-seeker who came West to the prairies in the eighties came with the same impulse that has impelled all Anglo-Saxon tides of emigration since the family left the Ganeges; and to-day, the home-maker who has come to stay is making a community differing only in exterior from the homes in the days of Alfred the Great and of the children of the Pilgrims. These plains homes have more plumbing, more carpets, more pictures on the walls, more organs in the parlor to give the place a tone than had the homes of our forefathers; but they are homes of free men; they are the foundations of our society; they are the units of our government.

It is of interest to note that in the Missouri Valley the mover who sailed the broad, undulating seas of the prairie grass has anchored his ship and disappeared from the horizon. Coincident with the disappearance of the mover is the passing of the men and women who refer to Ohio, Indiana, the South or New England as "backbone." To all the West the local habitation is "home" now, for the first time since the plow broke the sod. We have stopped camping; we are no longer temporary residents; we are fastened to the soil; that portion of the population which came expecting to make its fortune and return from whence it came, there to spend its days eating the fruits of its industry, has entirely disappeared. And yet, fifteen years ago, fully one half of the population expected to pass its declining years upon the soil from which it sprang and die and be buried beneath that soil. The other half of the population expected to go further west.

Now the birds of passage have either flown or built themselves nests, and the great plains and prairies of the West are the permanent abiding-places of a busy, thrifty people. These vast stretches of open country which were first renowned in song and story of adventure, and later were glorified in dazzling tales as the location of the new Eldorado, from now on will be celebrated in a humbler way. They will be recalled by the thousands and hundreds of thousands of young men and young women who shall push over mountains and across the western sea in the next wave of emigration. For when "Home, Sweet Home" is sung in foreign lands these prairie homes will rise in the fancy of the wayfarers.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Now, the social evolution of the West has occurred upon lines parallel to the economic evolution, and the principle of the survival of the fittest by natural selection never had a more apt example than it has had on these plains. Thirty years ago the crops were uncertain fifty miles west of the Missouri River. To-day, three hundred miles west of the junction of the Missouri River and the Kow crops are as certain

as they may be in any other quarter of the globe. Where corn would wilt and wither ten years ago now it lifts up its head and salutes the July drought, unafraid with any amazement. There has been evolution. The seed corn of Illinois or of Ohio will not grow profitably to-day in western Kansas. Corn has been twenty years climbing the inclined plane from the Mississippi to the altitude of Great Bend, Kansas. Likewise, the plow used to-day in Illinois or in the stumpy country of the Middle States might tickle the earth of the Great Plains for countless seasons and only produce a frown of "gimson" weeds. And by the same token the farmer from the Middle West would starve on a western Kansas farm using the methods of his former home, although he might buy the seeds and use the implements of the newer country.

In the West, what may be called the crop scheme, suitable to the conditions of the newer land, has evolved itself. Nothing in geometry has been proved more clearly than this: It does not pay to raise grain for sale. The chief end of man on a prairie farm is to make a sirloin steak or a ham of pork. To that end all energy is conserved. And because the sirloin and the ham thrive most luxuriously upon Kafir, corn, sorghum, alfalfa and maize, these crops in the last ten years have

Mississippi Valley; for it is literally corroded with freight rates. Everything that the farmers produce takes a railroad ride before it finds a consumer, and everything the farmer consumes takes a railroad ride to his table or to his warrirobe. The Kansas farmer, living in the best corn-producing land in the world, eats canned corn from Maine. Millions of Nebraska shoats wander by the sluggish prairie streams and make bacon that graces the boards of kings; yet the Nebraska farmer eats side meat and ham, and even sausage, made in Chicago or Kansas City. And the Dakota farmer who raises the tenderest high-grade steer meat in the world, goes to the country town butcher shop and takes home third-rate beef shipped in refrigerator cars from Omaha or Chicago. Wool from New Mexico keeps the mills in New England busy, and the Missouri farmer buys clothes made in New York and pays freight both ways, from the sheep to the factory and from the factory to the clothing dealer. Southern Kansas and western Missouri have wonderful deposits of lead and zinc. The crude product is mined and smelted. In the course of time it comes back to the people who mined it, fashioned into articles of commerce and stinking full of freight rates. In the great wheat lands of western Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas are no famous mills. When the flour-sack underwear on the little boys who are now playing marbles from the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico through this West, and the boys play leapfrog, they will bear an outward and visible sign of the miller of Minneapolis. The farmers' wives of Oklahoma will not wear their husbands' cotton till it has a Massachusetts stamp upon it and is full of freight in every warp. The Colorado farmer takes his lides to Chicago to get them made into boots and shoes. In the whole region that drains down the western hill into the Great River, nothing is just, nothing is true, nothing is of good report unless it be adorned with freight.

Now of course the reason for this economic situation is evident. This prairie West is the product of borrowed capital. The embers of the cancelled mortgage are still glowing in the fireplace. The West is just coming out of the red-ink accounts of the world's ledger. The next fifty years will see a savings account growing; capital will then appear—home capital—the capital that successfully operates home industries. For the establishment of new forges and factories and looms and mills is a risky business. It is not begun on the wholesale plan. Industrial concerns in a new country are like true eloquence; they do not consist in speech—not even in clamoring editorials in the home paper; they may not be brought from afar—for the "Eastern capitalists" has grown cautious. He no longer plants his money in the furrow plowed by the boomer; home industries indeed "must consist in the man, in the subject and in the occasion."

CAPITAL WILL GO WESTWARD

However, there can be no doubt that they will come to the West eventually. This great plains country is beginning to be crossed by the caravan of the twentieth century which seems ready to stretch its wonderful way from Chicago to Hong Kong. Here on these prairies will be the natural stocking-place for this caravan. Here nature offers refreshment to man and beast. Here is food for the pilgrims; here is raiment for the travellers. Here is iron to shoe the steeds of commerce; here are oils and wines, and precious stones and wood that puts to shame the cedars of Lebanon. The caravan will not pass this oasis unheeded. But the problem which faces these plainmen is a simple one: Shall the caravan take all these goods, these fabrics, these skins, the flesh of these beasts, the corn and wheat, and all this treasure of the soil as raw material? Or shall the caravan find things fashioned after the uses of civilization?

Upon the way the prairie people answer this question depends their economic future. It rests with themselves to say whether the Westerner shall become a part of the civilization of the twentieth century or whether they shall continue to tend their flocks, till their soil, and follow the arduous pursuits of a pastoral people, watching the passing caravan, trading their wealth for its Oriental bawbles and maintaining but a calling acquaintance with the "hair of all the ages." Even to fancy the Anglo-Saxon sitting on a fence watching the procession file by in a picture which suggests the imagination. These plains people have in their blood the traditions of Plymouth Rock and of Jamestown. They will hardly adopt the manifest destiny of the Mound Builders and the Indians. Some way they will work out their economic salvation as they have evolved their social and political independence. Some way—perhaps per capita over rough roads, but some way—they shall reach the stars.



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

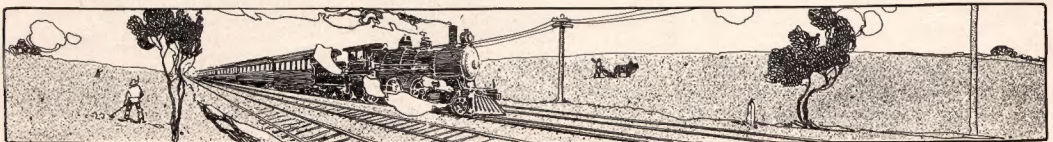
Mr. White's studies of Western Sociological Conditions have made his name familiar to readers of periodicals throughout the country. He is a Kansan by birth, a journalist by profession, and is now editing a Western newspaper. Though still a young man, he has become a figure in politics as well as in literature.

become usual; and timothy, barley, oats, millet, and even wheat, have become secondary crops, and do not yield so much on the average prairie farm as do the products of the dairy and of the henhouse.

The Western farmer is waxing fat. Five years of rising prices have enabled him to pay his debts, under which he groaned not so long ago with lamentation that made him the subject of caricature. The prairie farmer has money at interest. He is one of the tentacles of the Money Octopus—the same animal that kept him awake nights ten years ago. Recently ten Butler County (Kansas) farmers, who in 1892 had decided that the country was on the verge of moral and material ruin, came into the county seat and bought a National Bank. Instances of agricultural prosperity may be found by the score by any one who carries home with him a bundle of prairie papers. And yet the millennium has not arrived.

THE WEST WANTS EVERYTHING

Many things are needed in the West to perfect its commercial and industrial conditions. Probably no other portion of the United States is economically so lop-sided as the western



The WESTERN "BOOM TOWN"

By E. Hough, author of "The Story of the Cowboy"



TO-DAY Estelle calls her parents "Mommer" and "Popper." Once upon a time she called them "Ma" and "Pa." It would be unkind to remind Estelle of this, and yet more unkind to hint that perhaps, in a generation still earlier, she called them "Mam" and "Pap." Assuredly we progress in the West.

Even Estelle, about fresh from Smith College and a bit superior in her mien, could recall without too serious an effort certain scenes of her childhood which antedated the period of Smith College and the Continent, of the opera and the carriage promenade. She could, if she liked, so strain her imagination as to see in review a day when "Popper," instead of rugs and a butler, had Brussels carpet and a hired girl, and a dinner where all the courses came at once. There were days before the Brussels carpet, but we should not ask Estelle to remember those—the days of hard, self-denying effort, of bitter poverty indeed, of a life unlit by aught but the sacred flame of hope, by the torch of an averring resolution upon the part of those who were then "Ma" and "Pa."

At one stage of the ante-"Popper" days there was a college in the family, too—a college which had much to do with the Smith College of a later day, although the matter was not then so understood. It was a college far out in a cornfield, upon a high and wind-swept hill, a college big and ghostly in its red brick ugliness, a college as yet with no president, no faculty, no students, yet with a street-car line running up to its gates across the cornfields from the far-off city on the sandy river bank. Between the college and the town lay two miles of red brown dirt. That land belonged to "Popper," or, rather, to "Pa." Not without a reason was this college set upon the hill. Not without recompense would "Pa" part with any town lot of the many hundreds of town lots which lay between the college and the main street of Paradise City. A college, do we say? Nay, it was never so little as that. It was never less than an Institution, a University. Its establishment was one of "Pa's" greatest achievements in the way of accumulating a fortune in lots and lands.

Those days of the past—the ancient past of fifteen years ago—those days of college and facts, of salt water and theological seminaries, of fortunes over night and other fortunes over day—how sad that Estelle cannot remember them more distinctly. Never in her life will there come anything more vivid, more remarkable, or indeed more significant. Estelle has their buoyancy in her step and faces to-day. Their hope and happiness shine out of her eyes to-day.

It was all simple and quite logical. The "Popper" of three generations ago—who, alas was called "Pap," or perhaps even "Dad," back in old Virginia or Kentucky or Ohio—moved West to give his children a better chance than he had had. He had heard the orators and wanted all his boys to be lawyers too, his girls to have a better education; all of which was to be obtained by the purchase of cheaper land and the brief writ for its enhancement in value. "Pap" moved to Iowa. It was "Pa" who moved to Kansas, and who was wise enough to know that behind him pressed thousands of American animators, as were his own parents, with the wish to better the station of their children. This college on the hill was excellent "Pa's" bait, and a most alluring one. The college sounded excellent in the town prospect, along with the salt water and "Pa's" railroads. For many thousands of people came to Paradise City and bought "Pa's" town lots, far out in the wind-swept prairie.

There was a president and faculty for the college after a while, and there were even students. Society reached the Brussels carpet and Ladies' Home Friend era. The family dinner slowly separated into courses. "Pap" learned that it was not meet to wear a straw hat and a frock coat at the same time, nor a sack coat with a silk hat. There were fewer China shepherdesses and more "oriental rooms," and curtains became "draperies." And then—Estelle, the removal East, Smith's, the Continent, and all the rest. It was so swift that it could be nothing short of noble, so unsubstantiating that it was beautiful. Do you smile at "Popper" even to-day, with his rugs and his butler whom he fears, even during dinner? Smile not. "Popper" is hard upon your heels. In three generations he will wear all the pardurable of fortune's time so long ago, if you never had a part in it. If you did have such part, then you shall never forget it. If you live a thousand years. Perhaps you saw it, but were not of it. Perhaps you "travelled" through the West of the decade 1880-1890. Perhaps you wrote about the West. But you knew nothing about the West. It is pardonable to forget a time so long ago, if you never had a part in it. It is necessary to live in it, to "come to stay," to cast in your fortunes with it, to try to make a living there—indeed, to succeed in making a living there. Many there were who

failed in that purpose, and who hence hated the West very cordially, finding it quite crude and unattractive. Upon the other hand, there were those who did not fail—for instance, "Popper."

Whether or not you smile at a boom town depends upon whether you were of the town, or simply in it. As matter of fact, never was life more serious in any corner of the world—serious with all the energy and resourcefulness and determination of a stern male population resolved to make amends for all the past, and that full speedily; resolved to seize the hour of the day, to live ten years in one vantage of the moon. If there was humor in that situation, it was chiefly to see how swiftly he who found it humorous became most seriously and desperately in earnest with the rest. Morality—what morality was needful under a sky where every man was supposed to be able to take care of himself? If you doubted the future of the city, was there not the College, in full view upon the hill? Could you not see the rails of the street-car track running thereto—could you not see and believe? If you thought that perhaps the other three trunk lines of transcontinental railways might not be immediately brought to Paradise City, were there not many who would take you aside to no great distance and show you the very stakes which the surveyors had driven with their own hands? If you hesitated to believe that there were to be seven new four-story brick business buildings erected on Main Street within the next sixty days, could you not go upstairs into the new architect's office and see for yourself the blue-prints of the very plans? Or, if the architect had not yet arrived, could you not believe that he was in Topeka, drafting these very plans?

If you feared that this new city was apt to be unsightly could you not sit on one of the real estate offices of the City Bank and see a projection of tree-lined avenues and towering steeples, the same a vista of city streets as they were to be ten years hence? If you were afraid that crops would not grow, could you not step upstairs into the editorial rooms of the daily newspaper, and sit on one of the lead-crowed armchairs, and talk to the red-mustached editor—the very soul of truth and optimism alike—and learn how the rain belt was moving steadily westward, and how broom cane and Kaffir-corn would grow in spots of all, even were there no rain for the just or the unjust? Would not alfalfa, three crops a year, grow on this very soil—and what, in the name of justice, was better to eat than alfalfa, tell the editor that! If real estate was not going up in this city, and going up fast, then why should every other office window show a shock of wheat, and why should there be a real estate office under every hat on Broadway Avenue, and other real estate offices in every desk-room space along the street, even in the hardware stores? Three hundred real estate agents, and all of them making money! What did that mean? Tell the editor that! Ah! Thomas, how did you hit yourself down the stair from the red-mustached editor's office, impatient of restraint even to the point of impoliteness, seized with the fear that the particular window space you saw an hour ago and now coveted for your own "office" might be taken by some one more enterprising! You flew, you ran—yep, the doubter, now come upon the soil. Yet even as you ran you were stopped by a man with zeal hurrying from his very pores. "Why this haste?" you asked. He paused for an instant, and his whisper to you sounded like a trumpet, so sternly did you cry for secrecy after you had learned his errand. "They've struck salt in the well across the river," he whispered. "Man, do you hear?—they've struck salt—s a t t!" And so he vanished. That was when you bought the far end of Main Street out in the sand. You bought it. 'Twas yours, 'twas his, and was the slave of thousands. To-day 't'is sand again. The total of currency, as well as of real estate, is the same to-day that it was before the boom. "Popper" was at the other end of the street. He knew when to let go. Some of the currency stuck to him—some of yours and mine and the other fellow's. We do not grudge it. There is Estelle.

There was a hotel-keeper, a fat, grumpy, grumpy sort of fellow who charged ten dollars a day or ten dollars a week for beef and canned goods, and who was housekeeper for one hundred real estate and insurance agents, thirty lawyers and as many loan agents. One would think that he was doing well enough at feeding folk, yet not so thought he. He owned all of Main Street from one end to another, though he started in with less than one hundred dollars in cash, for his hotel had languished ere the boom began. In sixty days he piled up a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars or so; that is to say, his equities ran into that or something like it. He was careless about mere figures. He never paid more than three hundred down on any transaction, but gave notes and mortgages with the most regal broadness of conduct. The next day or the next week he sold it all out again to some other man, who in turn gave perhaps twice as much cash in hand, twice as much in "paper" of a similar sort. This hotel-keeper made twenty thousand dollars in one trade, involving the corner on which the new State Bank was to be erected—but never was. The newcomer got his first lesson in enthusiasm at the hotel over night. The map clinched it. You could not by any possibility avoid the fat finger of this landlord pointing out the things which he had hoped, which might happen and which were sure to happen. Sometimes you bought real estate before breakfast, before you had really gotten away from the side of the railroad track. The hotel-keeper was a stern and commanding soul.

There was a widow, a fair young thing whose husband had left her twenty-four thousand dollars in hard cash and a position in a church choir. A lawyer friend, also of the church choir, seeking to benefit the widow, counselled her to buy a certain lot on Main Street, in the centre of the town. Woman like, she did something else, paying out her entire fortune of twenty-four thousand dollars at once to a rascal who left town on the next train, after selling her a lot three blocks from the one which she had been advised to buy. The lawyer heard of it the next day, and sought out the widow to chasten her spirit and to tell her how sad he felt for her.

"What on earth did you want that lot for?" asked he. "It didn't 't' was it," said the widow. "Then why did you buy it?" "Why, I bought it to sell," replied the widow. "Every body is selling lots and I thought I would, too." "But you can't sell it." "Oh, yes, I can. I sold it this morning." "Sold it—for what? What did you get for it?" "Forty-eight thousand dollars," replied the widow. "Wasn't that enough?"

The lawyer gasped. It was true—and is historically true. The widow had made twenty-four thousand dollars in just twenty-four hours. No wonder the lawyer married her. A minister in a certain church, whose wife took boarders to help out with the income, got hold of a bit of money from some unknown source, and, with the faith that moveth mountains, "blew it in," as one of his parishioners remarked, "like a little man." It was a lucky move—though, indeed, one could hardly make an unlucky move where prices were going upward so constantly. The minister was not so little a thinker after all. He sold and bought, and sold again, moved to another city, in due time built him a tabernacle of his own, inaugurated mission work, preached only when he felt he had something to say, and has been an influence for the better ever since.

Two things were new at that time in that part of the world—ice-cream soda and the folding-bed. Both were useful. The leading druggist's place became a sort of social clearing-house, where all the leaders of the smart set might be met at almost any hour testing the merits of the new delectable. As for the folding-bed, it was found in every front and back parlor, being one of those essentially useful inventions which always come at just the right time. The folding-bed enabled the family to take in as "roomers" twice as many homesick young men as could otherwise be had. There was no dearth of young men did not repine. They needed only a sleeping place at night. In the daytime they were selling real estate or eating ice-cream soda. Where all the young men went so swiftly after the boom no one may say. Some of them turned up in the Legislature, others went to California to inaugurate other booms, a few really came to practice law—for law there was a plenty when the boom was dying down. Two or three became teachers in the college, and yet others settled down to selling nails, or ribbons, or patent rights.

III

Yet it was nothing short of glorious, this air of a general and assuredly immortal prosperity. "A year ago I was nothing, back in Iowa," said one tall and lean promoter of swift civilization, "and now look at me! I've got forty lots inside of two miles of Main Street and an option on a site which the Missouri Pacific Railroad has got to have for its new shops. I'm worth a hundred thousand dollars if I'm worth a cent." And that was accurate enough, though chiefly so in view of the second half of his alternatives. Young men, old men, all men grew rich in fashion much as "Ma" and "Pa" had done. The unspeakable had no doubt led to "inveist" in his future, of his hope, of his desire, of his hysteria; for the people were indeed gone somewhat mad, and the contagion of it stalked abroad—a contagion of hope and courage and rebellion.

So blew the last breath of resolution in the West that was. It was the seeking who could prate of conservatism then. Well for the West that it saw this day, so soon to fade. Well for the Westerners who lived; if but for a year or two, in the day before men worked by hours, before men made labor unions, and combinations and "mergers" and monopolies. Better for America had the old wild days endured in some fashion, more like at least to those that were than to those which are to-day. Laugh at the West and the boom town if you like, but weep over the life in the great cities of the East to-day. Ah, Estelle, Estelle, what have you done to us? Machine "Popper" would rather be back in the old sandy streets west of the Missouri, with the tan on his cheek, and the waist in his coat, and the wealth of a world of hope still glimmering before him, even though that were as glittered the images of the far-off, unknown mirage, holding perhaps joy and comfort, perhaps ashes and the abomination of desolation. Ah, Estelle, we civilized you, sent you to Smith's, taught you to speak softly, taught you to put candleabra instead of kerosene lamps upon the dinner board, taught you at least to "pou" if you never learned to

THE WESTERN "BOOM TOWN"—BY E. HOUGH

brew—but, oh, Estelle, the glory of those days of hope, out there in the wind-swept, sun-kissed land, where hope was every man's—Out There, before the loan and investment company really did build its four-story front, before the second trunk line really did build into town, before the division headquarters really were located there, before the College really did become a college after all, and the city library did go in, and the church did get out of debt and learn to have a quartet choir; before "Popper" really did build a mansion in the second addition to Paradise City and stock it with things which then seemed all that heart could ask—Out There, Estelle, when the hoof-beats clinked on the hard earth, when the corn was green in one of the "good years," when the wind from far away was soft and sweet though still impetuous, when the sun was warm and stimulating, when the air was full of self trust and trust in one's neighbor—even mayhap the neighbor near by on the buck-board seat if not upon the cushion of the automobile—ah, Estelle, God bless you! And bless you most of all because you bring to us and keep for us, as the heritage of the world, the touch and sight and very taste of Then, as it was Out There!

IV

OUT There the boom town rose and flowered, at the edge of the black dirt and the red, of the loan and of the sand, three thousand feet above the sea, and in a sea itself of inimitable and illimitable silver, the shortgrass of the plains, the gray buffalo grass which fed the curly herds now gone. In the night-time the lights of the town shone across the cool spaces red and beckoning, illusive as beams of some veritable city of desire, coming no nearer, though you rode and rode. In the day the tall frames of the grain elevators loomed equally visible and equally deceptive over the sea of silver, westward of the sea of green. The ocean of the Plains was crossed by a thread of black, the double thread of the iron rails. The train for Paradise City was visible for ten miles, crawling across the levels. Here and there the gray surface came to be broken by the weedy plowed lines of the settler's "claims." Here and there, back in the cattle range, the lines of bare and scraggy trees followed the sinuous valleys of the gasping streams. Occasionally a sod house showed, or the smoke of that yet more primitive residence, the dip-out of the buffalo and Indian days scarce yet gone by. These days might be found attested still by the station agent of the town, who showed you how high and big had been the pile of buffalo bones which once lay at the track side, long ago, five years ago! Over these wild lands the curlew circled and screamed, and the coyote called at dawn, and the antelope wavered and flickered like ghosts, at times gigan-

tic in the noonday mirage, which made castles out of shanties and cathedrals out of abodes of earthen sods—the vision of the land being ever one of something greater, never any lessening being in that air.

Turn all the silver into green with the warming days of spring, put here and there a faint pink rose, a flower of tawny or a rude blossom of hardy blue, harrow the sky with advancing hands of wild geese northward bound, fill the air with the twitterings of sparrows and the rich, choking, throatful notes of the yellow-breasted larks, canopy it all with blue and white, sweep it all with a wind barren of chill though full of challenge—and then ride up to the gates of Paradise City, with your question solved for yourself why this city, set apart, should be so full of hope! What wonder money brought two and three per cent a month, whereas now it brings but the same per year? What wonder the loan sharks grew rich? No one grudged them their good houses and their surrey wagons—nay, nor their folding-beds nor their ice-cream soda. For out in the wild sweet spaces the green of the claims was growing taller, and the cross hatching of red-brown weeds upon the silver gray was becoming thicker, and the trails out into the iron soil were gathering dust to follow after homing wheels. The land was taken over.

V

APPROACH the land Out There with mirth or reverence, as you may be constructed light of mind or thoughtful. Assuredly, if you ever understood it—which is to say if you were ever a part of it—there could be no irreverence in your mind thereafter, even though you smiled at certain of its fancies. "Popper" and Paradise City—hat was their reason? Fool, can you not answer? Void! Estelle!

There was desperation, too, as well as sheer hope, in the boom at Paradise City. These folk had fled from that which lay behind them. Their capital lay for the most part in the fact that they had not yet had their chance. There is quite as much genius and talent and ability buried in unknown places as there is genius monumented and inscribed and remembered and worshipped. The West Out There was the land of opportunity for many of these, and they had been less than human in intelligence had they not realized that the day of opportunity was to be brief. "Let us hope," said the men of Paradise; "let us hope loudly and vauntingly and swiftly as we may, for truly our day of hope is this day and not any other, nor apt long to endure." So they raged in a very riot of optimism, of which the strangest part is that not one of them was for an instant deceived, nor for an instant deceived any other man. That is the wonder of it—in the wildest of boom towns there was no immorality of trade, no deceit in commerce. The folly of it

all was writ large, and was accepted of all simply because it was folly, so dear, so sweet, so soon to pass away, as all men knew.

The greatest of the boom towns is the metropolis of the East, but here the game is different. The sellers of the future here trade not in hope, not in chances, but in certainties, and certainties all in their own hands. The capital of the metropolis is different from the capital of Out There. In Paradise City there were three hundred real estate dealers, young men who eventually had not a dollar, but who each had a quarter section or so of land. Each one was a unit, and did his own thinking. His shirt was open at the throat, and he looked you calmly in the eye. In our later and more merciless boom town behold our young men drilled to a lock-step of precision, and each with a hat-wing the like unto that of his brother. Over these is set one who rose from a barrow-trundler's place to the presidency of some big monopoly, with a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year. My young man, my boy, is taken to a place whence he may see this product of late America, this man with the presidency and the salary: "Listen, my boy," says his parent, "Listen! Whisper it not, but set it in your heart. That is Mr. Schraub. His salary is a hundred thousand dollars a year. Listen, my boy. You may yet be a Schraub!"

So much for Paradise in the East. God deliver us from Schraubs. Far better were it for the boy were he a Bill Jones on the prairies, with a shotgun over his shoulder and a quarter section of his own. He were the better and the more useful citizen, though he cracked no whip over any head save his own.

We could forgive "Popper" anything, because he is the "Popper" of Estelle. But really there was not so much to forgive. He simply realized that the American people rally ever around the schoolhouse. *Ut collegium, ibi patria!* "Popper" used his red brick college and his street railway thereto both wisely and well. If you doubt, go and look at the two trunk lines which do indeed intersect at Paradise City to day. Thus you may see how "Popper" and his family rose through the era of horsehair into that of plush and rep, came at last to abandon the embroidered "throwys" for char-backs and mantels, and not to say "cleidozonny" when they wanted closoméd. Witness the genesis of Estelle, now fresh from Smith—turned out exquisitely, whether for golf or saddle, for auto or opera chair, well poised, accurate, infallible, well in hand.

Estelle will marry some day. She will have four children. Her daughter will have two. Her mother had eight, and loved them all, when the sand was in their shoes, and the wind was in their hair, and they called her "Ma," Out There—in the land gone by, Out There.



DEY pulled up stakes en said good-by, but dey doin' er de best;
Bo'n in de sweet South-country, en growin' up wid de West;
Dey heerd de sound er der cities fur off whar de wild winds roam,
En takin' dey light belongin's dey went fum de hills er Home.

GONE fum de sunny gyardens er de ol'-time medders sweet,
Fum de fleece er de fields er cotton ter de gold er de fields er wheat;
Fightin' de war-whoop Injuns whar de bareback hosses race,
En' lightin' dey cabin fires right in de Cyclone's face!

IT'S a regular scatteration—fur ez de big sun shines—
Some of 'em 'cross de ocean, fightin' de Philistines;
But de news what allus comin', en makin' de ol' folks blest,
Is—dey doin' well fer de country, fum de white East ter de West.

BO'N tér work—en dey love it: in de light er dis Freedom day,
Dey with de worl' in its rollin' en rollin' de brighter way;
No plains too dry en level, no hills too high ter climb,
Fer dey knows de seed'll blossom ter de sheaf er de harvest time.

DEY done th'owed off de slumbers, de dreams er de lone-some night;
Dey helpin' ter build de cities, en makin' de most er Light;
Up wid de airy maw'nin', en den wid de settin' sun,
Reapin' de richest blessin's in de joy er de work well done.

IT'S a stretch fum dese hills en medders, whar de bee de honey drains
Epi you drowse in summer shadders, ter de red er de sunset plains!
But dey ain't no fence around 'em, no way fer ter hol' 'em down:
De country's de Freedom country, en de worl' is Home all 'roun'!

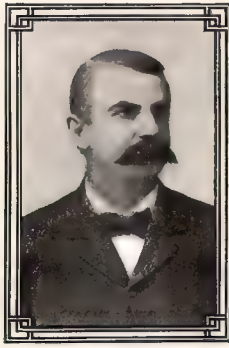


LEADERS IN THE WORLD'S WORK



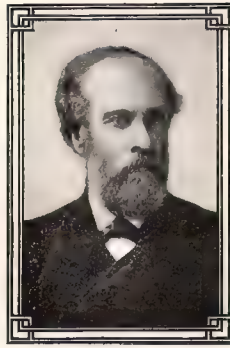
SENATOR HERNANDO MONEY

Senator Money of Mississippi had a fight with a Washington street car conductor who tried to eject him for not paying his fare. He was arrested on the charge of cutting the conductor with a knife. Exactly six years before Senator Money and Representative Hall had a "difference of opinion" in a committee room.



COMMISSIONER E. F. WARE

E. F. Ware of Kansas succeeds Henry Clay Evans as Pension Commissioner. He is not known as a politician, but commended himself to President Roosevelt by his writings under the pen-name of "Ironquill." He has written much doggerel, his most famous lines being on the battle of Manila, and punning on the Admiral's name.



SENATOR PLATT OF CONNECTICUT

Senator Orville H. Platt of Connecticut, author of the famous "Platt Amendment" establishing the relations between the United States and Cuba, offered an amendment to the Chinese Exclusion bill so satisfactory as to put an end to attempts at severer legislation. It extends the operation of present laws to the termination of the treaty.



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES

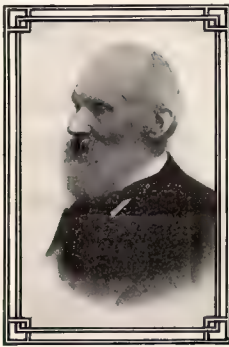
General Nelson A. Miles, Commanding the U. S. Army, has become conspicuous in a series of quarrels with the President and Secretary Root. His attack on the Philippine campaign has been made the subject of a great deal of criticism and comment by the newspapers of the country, some favorable, some otherwise.

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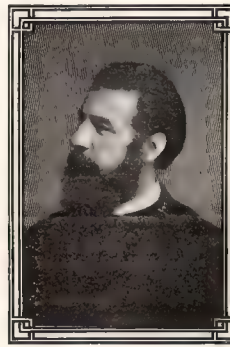
MISS CLARA BARTON

Miss Clara Barton, head of the Red Cross Society, will probably be granted by the present Congress a life pension of \$5,000 a year, in recognition of her public services. Among Miss Barton's more recent services were her efforts to succor the distressed in the great storms of Texas. Next month the Red Cross Convention meets at St. Petersburg.



LORD KELVIN

Sir William Thomson, the most illustrious scientist living, better known, since his elevation to the peerage ten years ago, as Lord Kelvin, is visiting this country. He is the inventor, or improver, of many navigation instruments. He expresses confidence in the success of wireless telegraphy, but thinks Santos-Dumont's airship impracticable.



PROFESSOR WILLIAM R. BROOKS

On April 14, Prof. William R. Brooks, Director of Smith Observatory, Geneva, N. Y., discovered his twenty-third comet in the northwest corner of the great square of Pegasus. The comet was moving rapidly across this constellation toward the sun. He discovered his first comet October 4, 1881, simultaneously with Dr. Denning of England.

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ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN

Archbishop Michael Augustine Corrigan, head of the Catholic diocese of New York, who is recovering from pneumonia at the archiepiscopal residence, had been in bad health for some time. He has been Metropolitan of the diocese since 1885, when he succeeded Cardinal McCloskey. The Archbishop is one of the great leaders of the church.



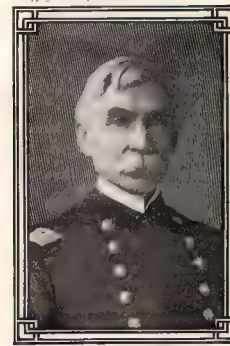
GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL

General J. Franklin Bell, after a campaign of the utmost skill, vigor, and peril, has succeeded in capturing General Malvar, one of the most famous fighters of the revolution. General Bell prosecuted his campaign against Malvar so furiously that the "anti-imperialist" press compared him with Weyler, the much reviled.



CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK

Captain Charles E. Clark, the hero of the famous trip of the "Oregon" from San Francisco to Key West, and of some brilliant fighting against the Spaniards, has declined the honor of representing the United States Navy at King Edward's coronation. The expense, he says, will be too heavy for him personally to bear, hence his refusal.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN C. WATSON

Rear-Admiral John C. Watson has been appointed to represent the American Navy at King Edward's coronation in place of Captain Clark, who declined. He was in command of the fleet despatched to attack the Spanish coasts, or follow Camara's squadron to Asiatic waters, and when the war ended he succeeded Admiral Dewey in the Philippines.



MAJOR CORNELIUS GARDENER

Major Cornelius Gardener, U. S. A., Civil Governor of the Province of Tayabas, created a sensation by his report upon the Philippines. This report was held back by Secretary Root until demanded by Congress, and was the basis of General Miles's statements in his famous plan of pacification. He thinks Americans are provoking revolution.

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The traveler to the North Pacific Coast should linger at Portland, a beautiful city and one of the termini of the Northern Pacific, and ride on the bosom of the great river at least to the Cascades and return, and, if possible, stage-coach it to Cloud Cap Inn, on a shoulder of Mt. Hood, and from there look out over a vast stretch of primeval Cascade forest and mountain.

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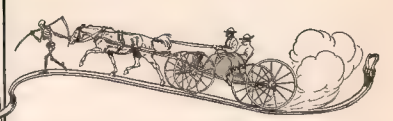
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FOLLY

HARDING DAVIS



Headpiece designed by Edward Penfield

Illustrations drawn by Frederic Remington

PART I

THE JUNIOR OFFICERS of Fort Crockett had organized a mess at the post trader's. "And a mess it certainly is," said Lieutenant Ranson. The dainty table stood between hogheads of molasses and a blazing log fire, the counter of the store was their buffet, a pool-table with a cloth, cluttered like a map of the Great Lakes, their sideboard, and Indian Pete acted as butler. But none of these things counted against the great fact that each evening Mary Cahill, the daughter of the post trader, presided over the evening meal, and turned it into a banquet. From her high chair behind the counter, with the cash-register on her one side and the weighing scales on the other, she gave her little Senate laws, and smiled upon each and all with the kind impartiality of a courtesa.

At least, at one time she had been impartial. But of late she smiled upon all save Lieutenant Ranson. When he talked, she now looked at the blazing log fire, and her cheeks glowed and her eyes seemed to reflect the lifting flame.

For five years, ever since her father brought her from the convent at St. Louis, Mary Cahill had watched officers come and officers go. Her knowledge concerning them, and their public and private affairs, was vast and miscellaneous. She was acquainted with the traditions of every regiment, with its war record, with its peace-time politics, its nicknames, its scandals, even with the earnings of each company canteen. At Fort Crockett, which lay under her immediate observation, she knew more of what was going forward than did the regimental adjutant, more even than did the Colonel's wife. If Trumpeter Tyler flatted on church call, if Mrs. Stickney applied to the quartermaster for three feet of sateen, if Lieutenant Curtis were granted two days' leave for quail shooting, Mary Cahill knew it; and if Mrs. "Captain" Stairs obtained the post ambulance for a drive to Kiowa City, when Mrs. "Captain" Ross wanted it for a picnic, she knew what words passed between those ladies, and which of the two wept. She knew all of these things, for each evening they were retailed to her by her "boarders." Her boarders were very loyal to Mary Cahill. Her position was a difficult one, and had it not been that the boy officers were so understanding, it would have been much more difficult. For the life of a regimental post is as circumscribed as the life on a ship-of-war, and it would no more be possible for the ship's barber to rub shoulders with the admiral's epaulets than that a post trader's child should visit the ladies on the "lines," or that the wives of the enlisted men should dine with the young girl from whom they "took in" washing.

So, between the upper and the nether grindstones, Mary Cahill was left without the society of her own sex, and was of necessity forced to content herself with the society of the officers. And the officers played fair. Loyalty to Mary Cahill was a tradition at Fort Crockett, which it was the duty of each succeeding regiment to sustain. Moreover, her father, a dark, sinister man, alive only to money-making, was known to handle a revolver with the alertness of a town marshal.

Since the day she left the convent Mary Cahill had held but two affections: one for this grim, tacturn parent, who brooded over her as jealously as a lover, and the other for the entire United States Army. The Army returned her affection without the jealousy of the father, and with much more than his offensiveness. But when Lieutenant Ranson arrived from the Philippines, the affections of Mary Cahill became less generously distributed, and her heart fluttered hourly between trouble and joy.

There were two rooms on the first floor of the post trader's—this big one, which only officers and their women folk might enter, and the other, the exchange of the enlisted men. The two were separated by a partition of logs and hung with shelves on which were displayed calicoes, tinned meats, and patent medicines. A door, cut in one end of the partition with buffalo robes for portières, permitted Cahill to pass from behind the counter of one store to behind the counter of the other. On one side Mary Cahill served the Colonel's wife with many yards of silk ribbons to be converted into german favors, on the other her father weighed out bears' claws (manufactured in Hartford, Conn., from turkey-bones) to make a necktie for Red Wing, the squaw of the Arapaho chieftain. He waited upon every one with gravity, and in

obstinate silence. No one had ever seen Cahill smile. He himself occasionally joked with others in a grim and embarrassed manner. But no one had ever joked with him. It was reported that he came from New York, where, it was whispered, he had once kept bar on the Bowery for McTurk.

Sergeant Clancey of G Troop was the authority for this. But when, presuming on that supposition, he claimed acquaintance with Cahill, the post trader spread out his hands on the counter and stared at the sergeant with cold and disconcerting eyes. "I never kept bar nowhere," he said. "I never been on the Bowery, never been in New York, never been east of Denver in my life. What was it you ordered?"

"Well, mebbe I'm wrong," growled the sergeant. "But a month later when a coyote howled down near the Indian village, the sergeant said dramatically, "Sounds just like the cry of the Whyos, don't it?" And Cahill, who was listening to the wolf, unthinkingly nodded his head.

The sergeant snorted in triumph. "Yah, I told you so!" he cried. "A man that's never been on the Bowery, and

The next morning, when the exchange was empty, the post trader turned from arranging cans of condensed milk upon an upper shelf to face the sergeant's revolver.

He threw up his hands to the level of his ears as though expressing sharp unbelief, and waited in silence. The sergeant advanced until the gun rested on the counter, its muzzle pointing at the pit of Cahill's stomach. "You or me has got to leave this post," said the sergeant, "and I can't desert, so I guess it's up to you."

"What did you talk for?" asked Cahill. His attitude was still that of shocked disbelief, but his tone expressed a full acceptance of the situation and a desire to temporize.

"At first I thought it might be that new 'cutty' in F Troop," explained the sergeant. "You came near making me kill the wrong man. What harm did I do you by saying you kept bar for McTurk? What's there in that to get hot about?"

"You said I run with the Whyos." "What the—! do I care what you've done!" roared the sergeant. "I don't know nothing about you, but I don't mean you should shoot me in the back. I'm going to tell this to my bunky, an' if I get shot up the Troop'll know who done it, and you'll laugh for it. Now, what are you going to do?"

Cahill did not tell what he would do; for, from the other store, the low voice of Mary Cahill called, "Father! Oh, father!"

The two men dodged, and eyed each other guiltily. The sergeant gazed at the buffalo robe portières with wide-opened eyes. Cahill's hands dropped from the region of his ears, and fell flat upon the counter.

When Miss Mary Cahill pushed aside the portières Sergeant Clancey of G Troop was showing her father the mechanism of the new regulation revolver. He apparently was having some difficulty with the cylinder, for his face was red. Her father was eying the gun with the critical approval of an expert.

"Father," said Miss Cahill petulantly, "why didn't you answer? Where is the blue stationery—the sort Major Ogden always buys? He's waiting."

The eyes of the post trader did not waver from the gun before him. "Next to the blank books, Mamie," he said. "On the second shelf."

Miss Cahill flashed a dazzling smile at the big sergeant, and whispered, so that the officer in the room behind her might not overhear, "Is he trying to sell you government property, dad? Don't you touch it. Sergeant, I'm surprised at you tempting my poor father." She pulled the two buffalo robes close around her neck so that her face only showed between them. It was a sweet, lovely face, with frank, boyish eyes.

"When the major's gone, sergeant," she whispered, "bring your gun around my side of the store and I'll buy it from you."

The sergeant nodded in violent assent, laughing noiselessly and slapping his knee in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

The curtains dropped and the face disappeared.

The sergeant fingered the gun and Cahill folded his arms delectably.

"Well?" he said. "Well?" asked the sergeant.

"I should think you could see how it is," said Cahill, "without my having to tell you."

"You mean you don't want it, she should know?"

"My God, no! Not even that I kept a bar."

"Well, I don't know nothing. I don't mean to tell nothing anyway, so if you'll promise to be good I'll call this off."

For the first time in the history of Fort Crockett Cahill was seen to smile. "May I reach under the counter now?" he asked.

The sergeant grinned appreciatively, and shifted his gun. "Yes, but I'll keep this out until I'm sure it's a bottle," he said, and laughed hoisterously.

For an instant, under the cover of the counter, Cahill's hand touched longingly upon the gun that lay there, and then passed on to the bottle beside it. He drew it forth, and there was the clink of glasses.

In the other room Mary Cahill winked at the major, but that officer pretended to be both deaf to the clink of the glasses and blind to the wink. And so the incident was



He threw up his hands to the level of his ears

knew the call of the Whyo gang! The drinks are on you, Cahill!"

The post trader did not raise his eyes, but drew a damp cloth up and down the counter, slowly and heavily, as a man sharpens a knife on a whetstone.

That night, as the sergeant went up the path to the post, a bullet passed through his hat. Clancey was a forceful man, and forcible men, unknown to themselves, make enemies, so he was uncertain as to whether this came from a trooper he had borne upon too harshly, or whether, in the darkness, he had been picked off for some one else. The next night, as he passed in the full light of the post trader's windows, a shot came from among the dark shadows of the corral, and when he immediately sought safety in numbers among the Indians, cowboys and troopers in the exchange, he was in time to see Cahill enter it from the other store, wrapping up a bottle of pain-killer for Mrs. Stickney's cook. But Clancey was not deceived. He observed with satisfaction that the soles and the heels of Cahill's boots were wet with the black mud of the corral.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

MARCH OF THE RURALES ON MEXICO'S "FOURTH OF JULY"—THE GREATEST FÊTE DAY, MAY 5

The Fifth of May, or as it is known in Mexico, el Cinco de Mayo, is a national holiday of the Mexicans. It is practically the equivalent of the American Fourth of July. On that day, in 1862, a force of Mexicans defeated at Puebla the French invading army that was trying to set up Maximilian on the throne as emperor. Maximilian was captured in 1867 with his two generals, Miramon and Mejia, and shot on June 19 of the same year. The Mexicans make a great military fete day of el Cinco de Mayo. The picture shows the famous "Rurales," or rural police, parading in celebration of the day



closed. Had it not been for the folly of Lieutenant Ranson it would have remained closed.

A week before this happened a fire had started in the Willow Bottoms among the trees of some Kiowas, and the prairie, as far as one could see, was bruised and black. From the post it looked as though the sky had been raining ink. At the time all of the regiment but G and H Troops was out on a practice march experimenting with a new-fangled tabloid ration. As soon as it turned the buttes it saw from where the light in the heavens came and the practice march became a race.

At the post the men had doubled out under Lieutenant Ranson with wet horse-blankets, and while he led G Troop to fight the flames, H Troop, under old Major Stuckey, burned a space around the post across which the men of G Troop retreated, stumbling, with their ears and shoulders wrapped in the smoking blankets. The sparks beat upon them and the flames followed so fast that, as they ran, the blazing grass burned their lachings, and they kicked their gaiters ahead of them.

When the regiment arrived it found everybody at Fort Crockett talking enthusiastically of Ranson's conduct and resentfully of the fact that he had regarded the fire as one which had been started for his especial amusement.

"I assure you," said Mrs. Bolland to the colonel, "if it hadn't been for young Ranson we would have been burned in our beds; but he was most aggravating. He treated it as though it were Fourth of July fireworks. It is the only entertainment we have been able to offer him since he joined in which he has shown any slight interest. Nevertheless, it was generally admitted that Ranson had saved the post. He had been ubiquitous. He had been seen galloping into the advancing flames like a stampeded colt, and had reappeared like a wreath in columns of black, whirling smoke, at the same moment his voice issued orders from twenty places. One instant he was visible beating back the fire with a wet blanket, waving it above him jubilantly, like a substitute at the Army-Navy game when his side scores, and the next staggering from out of the furnace dragging an asphyxiated trooper by the collar, and shrieking, "Hospital steward, hospital steward! here's a man on fire. Put him out, and send him back to me, quick!"

Those who met him in the whirlwind of smoke and billowing flames related that he chuckled continuously. "Isn't this fun?" he yelled at them. "Say, isn't this the best ever? I wouldn't have missed this for a trip to New York!"

When the colonel, having visited the hospital and spoken cheering words to those who were sans hair, sans eyebrows and with bandaged hands, complimented Lieutenant Ranson on the parade ground before the assembled regiment, Ranson ran to his hut muttering strange and fearful oaths.

That night at mess he appealed to Mary Cahill for sympathy. "Goodness, mighty me!" he cried, "did you hear him? Wasn't it awful! If I'd thought he was going to hand me that I'd have deserted. What's the use of spoiling the only fun we've had that way? Why, if I'd known you could get that much excitement out of this rank prairie I'd have put a match to it myself three months ago. It's the only fun I've had, and he goes and preaches a funeral oration at me."

Ranson came into the army at the time of the Spanish war because it promised a new form of excitement, and because everybody else he knew had gone into it too. As the son of his father he was made an adjutant-general of volunteers with the rank of captain, and unloaded on the staff of a Southern brigadier, who was slated never to leave Charleston. But Ranson suspected this, and, after telegraphing his father for three days, was attached to the Philippines contingent and sailed from San Francisco in time to carry messages through the surf when the volunteers moved upon Manila. More cabling at the cost of many Mexican dollars caused him to be removed from the staff, and given a second lieutenantcy in a volunteer regiment, and for two years he pursued the little brown men over the paddy slushes, burned villages, looted churches, and collected bolos and altar cloths with that irresponsibility and contempt for regulations which is found chiefly in the appointment from civil life. Incidentally, he enjoyed himself so much that he believed in the army; he had found the one place where excitement is always in the air, and as excitement was the breath of his nostrils he gave for a commission in the regular army. On his record he was appointed a second lieutenant in the Twentieth Cavalry, and on the return of that regiment to the States—was buried alive at Fort Crockett.

After six months of this exile one night at the mess table Ranson broke forth in open rebellion. "I tell you you can't stand it a day longer," he cried. "I'm going to resign!"

From behind the counter Mary Cahill heard him in horror. Second Lieutenants Crosby and Curtis shuddered. They were sons of officers of the regular army. Only six months before they themselves had been forwarded from West Point done up in neat new uniforms. The traditions of the academy of loyalty and discipline had been kneaded into their veins. In Ranson they saw only the horrible result of giving commissions to civilians.

"Maybe the post will be gayner now that spring has come," said Curtis hopefully, but with a doubtful look at the open fire.

"I wouldn't do anything rash," urged Crosby.

Miss Cahill shook her head. "Why, I like it at the post," she said, "and I've been here five years—ever since I left the convent—and I—"

Ranson interrupted, bowing gallantly. "Yes, I know, Miss Cahill," he said, "but I didn't come here from a convent. I came here from the blood-stained fields of war. Now, out in the Philippines there's always something doing. They give you half a troop, and so long as you bring back enough Mausers and don't get your men cut up, you can fight all over the shop and no questions asked. But all I do here is take care of sick horses. Any vet in the States has seen as much fighting as I have in the last half-year. I might as well have had care of horse-car stables."

"There is some truth in that," said Curtis cautiously. "If

you do resign, certainly no one can accuse you of resigning in the face of the enemy."

"Jeez, yo gods!" roared Ranson. "Why, if I were to see a Moro entering that door with a bolo in each fist I'd fall on his neck and kiss him. I'm not trained to this garrison business. You fellows are. They took all the sporting blood, two of you at West Point; one had mark for smoking a cigarette, two had marks for failing to salute the instructor in botany, and all the excitement you ever knew were charades and a cude hot at Cullum Hall. But, you see, before I went to the Philippines with Merritt I'd been there twice on a fellow's yacht, and we'd tugged the Spanish governor in his bed with his spurs on. Now, I have to sit around and hear old Bolland tell how he put down a car strike in St. Louis, and Stuckey's long-winded yarns of Table Mountain and the Smokey Angel. He doesn't know the Civil War's over. I tell you, if I can't get excitement on tap I've got to make it, and if I make it out here they'll court-martial me. So there's nothing for it but to resign."

"You'd better wait till the end of the week," said Crosby, grinning. "It's going to be all right on Thursday, paymaster's coming out with our cash, and to-night that Miss Post from New York arrives in the up stage. She's to visit the colonel, so everybody will have to give her a good time."

"Yes, I certainly must wait for that," growled Ranson; "there probably will be progressive euchre parties all along the line, and we'll have as late as ten o'clock and stick little gilt stars on ourselves."

Crosby laughed tolerantly.

"I see your point of view," he said. "I remember when my father took me to Monte Carlo I saw you at the tables with enough money to buy me a new suit. My father asked the croupiers why they allowed a child of your age to gamble. I was just a kid then, and so were you, too. I remember I thought you were the devil of a fellow."

Ranson looked sheepishly at Miss Cahill and laughed. "Well, so was I," he said. "As for the back room of the devil of a fellow who'd been brought up as I was, with a dotting parent who owns a trust and doesn't know the proper value of money. And yet you expect me to be happy with a fifty-cent limit game, and twenty miles of burned prairie. I tell you I've never been broken to it. I don't know what not having your own way means. And discipline! Why, every time I have to report one of my men to the colonel I send for him afterward and give him a drink and apologize to him. I tell you the army doesn't mean anything to me unless there's something doing, and as there is no fighting out here I'm for the back room of the Holland House and a rubber-tired automobile. Little old New York is good enough for me!"

As he spoke these fateful words of mutiny Lieutenant Ranson raised his black eyes and snatched a swift side glance at the face of Mary Cahill. It was almost as though it were from her he sought his answer. He could not himself have told what it was he would have her say. But ever since the idea of leaving the army had come to him, Mary Cahill and the army had become interchangeable and had grown to mean one and the same thing. He fought against this condition of mind desperately. He had determined that without active service the army was intolerable; but that without Mary Cahill civil life would also prove intolerable, he assured himself did not at all follow. He had laughed at the idea. He had even argued it out sensibly. Was it reasonable to suppose, he asked himself, that after circling the great globe three times, and finding the one girl on whom alone could make him happy, sitting behind a post-trader's counter on the open prairie? His interest in Miss Cahill was the result of propinquity, that was all. It was due to the fact that there was no one else at hand, because he was sorry for her loneliness, because she was the only girl who touched his sympathy. How long after he reached New York would he remember the little comrade with the brave boyish eyes set in the delicate, feminine head, with its great waves of gorgeous hair? It would not be long, he guessed. He might remember the way she rode her pony, how she swung from her Mexican saddle and caught up a gauntlet from the ground. Yes, he certainly would remember that, and he would remember the day he had galloped after her and ridden with her through the Indian village, and again that day when they rode to the waterfall and the Lover's Leap. And he would remember her face at night as it bent over the books he borrowed for her, which she read while they were at mess, sitting in her high chair with her chin resting in her palms, staring down at the book before her. And the trick she had, whenever he spoke, of raising her head and looking into his eyes, her eyes giving him the light she wanted. They would be pleasant memories, he was sure. But once back again in the whirl and rush of the great world outside of Fort Crockett, even as memories they would pass away.

Mary Cahill made no outward answer to the rebellious utterance of Lieutenant Ranson. She only bent her eyes on her book and tried to think what the post would hold for her when he had carried out his threat and betaken himself into the world and out of her life forever. Night after night she had sat enthroned behind her barrier and listened to his talk. His view of life, his view of a boy, heavy and healthy and seeking only excitement and mischief. She had heard his tales of his brief career at Harvard, of the reunions at Henry's American bar, of the Futurity, the Suburban, the Grand Prix, of a yachting cruise which apparently had encountered every form of bad luck, of his return to the States as a member of the ramming of a slaver's show. The regret with which he spoke of these free days, which was the regret of an exile marooned upon a desert island, excited all her sympathy for

an ill she had never known. His discourteous scorn of the social pleasures of the post, from which she herself was excluded, filled her with speculation. If he could forego these functions, how full and gay she argued his former life must have been. His attitude helped her to bear the deprivations more easily. And she, as a loyal child of the army, liked him also because he was no "cracker-box" captain, but a fighter, who had fought with no morbid ideas as to the rights or wrongs of the cause, but for the fun of fighting.

And one night, after he had been telling the mess of a Filipino officer who alone had held back his men and himself, and who at last died in his arms cursing him, she went to sleep declaring to herself that Lieutenant Ranson was becoming too like the man she had pictured for her husband than was good for her peace of mind. He had told the story as his tribute to a brave man fighting for his independence and with such regret that such a one should have died so miserably, that, to the embarrassment of the mess, the tears rolled down his cheeks. But he wiped them away with his napkin as unconcernedly as though they were caused by the pepper-box, and said simply, "He had sporting blood, he had. I've never felt so bad about anything as I did about that chap. Whenever I think of him standing up there with his back to the cathedral all shot to pieces, but giving us what for until he died it makes me cry. So," he added, lowering his nose vigorously, "I won't think of it any more."

Tears are properly a woman's weapon, and when a man makes use of them, even in spite of himself, he is taking an advantage over the other sex which is unfair and outrageous. Lieutenant Ranson never knew the mischief the sympathy he had shown for his enemy caused in the heart of Mary Cahill, nor that from that moment she loved him deeply.

The West Point graduates before they answered Ranson's ultimatum smoked their cigarettes for some time in silence.

"Well, there's been fighting even at Fort Crockett," said Crosby. "In the last two years the men have been ordered out seven times, haven't they, Miss Cahill? When the Indians got out of hand, and twice after cowboys, and twice after the Red Rider."

"The Red Rider?" protested Ranson; "I don't see any thing exciting in rounding up one miserable horse thief."

"Only they don't round him up," returned Curtis crossly. "That's why it's exciting. He's the best in his business. He's held up the stage six times now in a year. Whoever the fellow is, if he's one man or a gang of men, he's the nerveiest road agent since the days of Abe Chase."

Ranson in his then present mood was inclined toward pessimism. "It doesn't take any nerve to hold up a coach," he contradicted.

Curtis and Crosby snorted in chorus. "That's what you say," mocked Curtis.

"Well, it doesn't," repeated Ranson. "It's all a game of bluff. The etiquette is that the driver mustn't shoot the road agent, and that the road agent mustn't hurt the driver, and the passengers are too scared to move. The moment they see a man rise out of the night they throw up their hands. Why, even when a passenger does try to put his gun the others won't let him. Each thinks sure that if there's any firing he will be the one to get hurt. And, besides, they don't know how many more men the road agent may have behind him. I don't."

A movement on the part of Miss Cahill caused him to pause abruptly. Miss Cahill had descended from her throne and was advancing to meet the post trader, who came toward her from the exchange.

"Lightfoot's aqwaw," he said. "Her baby's worse. She's sery for you."

Miss Cahill gave a gasp of sympathy, snatched up her hat from the counter, and the buffalo robes closed behind her. Ranson stooped and reached for his smorbro.

By the light of Miss Cahill's interest in the courage of the Red Rider, Crosby repaired to the newcomer. "Cahill, you know," he said. "We've been talking of the man they call the Red Rider, the chap that wears a red bandanna over his face. Ranson says he hasn't any nerve. That's not so, is it?"

"I said it didn't take any nerve to hold up a stage," said Ranson; "and it doesn't."

The post trader halted on his way back to the exchange and rubbed one hand meditatively over the other arm. With him speech was golden and difficult. After a pause he said: "Oh, he takes his chances."

"Of course he does," cried Crosby encouragingly. "He takes the chance of being shot by the passengers, and of being caught by the posse and lynched, but this man's got away with it now six times in the last year. And I say that takes nerve."

"And by fifty dollars—!" laughed Ranson.

He checked himself, and glanced over his shoulder at the retreating figure of Cahill. The buffalo robes fell again, and the spurs of the post trader could be heard jangling over the earth floor of the exchange.

"I said it didn't take any nerve," repeated Ranson, in businesslike tones. "I'll rob the up stage to-night—myself!"

Previous knowledge of his moods, the sudden look of mischief in his eyes and a certain vibration in his voice caused the two lieutenants to jump simultaneously to their feet. "Ranson, stop!" they shouted.

Ranson laughed mockingly. "Oh, I'm bored to death," he cried. "What will you bet I don't?"

He had risen with them, but without waiting for their answer, ran to where his horse stood at the open door. He sauk on his knees and began tugging violently at the stirrup straps. The two officers, their eyes filled with concern, pursued him across the room. With Cahill twenty feet away, they dared not raise their voices, but in pantomime they beckoned him vigorously to return. Ranson came at once, flushed and smiling, holding a hooded arm stirrup in each hand. "Never do to have them see these!" he said. He threw the stirrups from him, behind the row of horseheads. "I'll ride in the stirrup straps!" He still spoke in the same low, brisk tone.

Crosby seized him savagely by the arm. "No, you won't!" he hissed. "Look here, Ranson. Listen to me; for Heaven's sake don't be an ass! They'll shoot you, you'll be killed!"

"—And court martialed," panted Curtis. "You'll go to Leavenworth for the rest of your life!"

Ranson threw off the detaining hand, and ran behind the counter. From a drawer beneath he snatched a red bandanna kerchief. From another he dragged a rubber poncho, and buttoned it high about his throat. He picked up the steel shears which lay upon the counter, and slipping through the hole in the kerchief, stuck it under the brim of his sombrero. It fell before his face like a curtain. From his neck to his knees the poncho concealed his figure. All that was visible of him was his eyes, laughing through the holes in the red mask.

"Behold the Red Rider!" he growled. "Hold up your hands!"

He pulled the kerchief from his face and threw the poncho over his arm. "Do you see these shears?" he asked, holding them up to hold up the stage with 'em. No one ever fires at a road agent. They just shoot. 'Don't shoot, colonel, and I'll come down.' I'm going to bring 'em down with these shears."

Crosby caught Curtis by the arm, laughing eagerly. "Come to the stables, quick," he cried. "We'll get twenty troopers after him, before he can go a half mile." He turned on Ranson with a triumphant chuckle. "You'll not be dismissed this regiment, if I can help it," he cried.

Ranson gave an ugly laugh, like the snarl of a puppy over his bone. "If you try to follow me, or interfere with me, Lieutenant Crosby," he said, "I'll shoot you and your troopers!"

"With a pair of shears?" jeered Crosby. "No, with the gun I've got in my pocket. Now you listen to me. I'm not going to use that gun on any stage filled with women, driven by a man seventy years old, but—and I mean it—if you try to stop me, I'll use it on you. I'm going to show you how any one can bluff a stage full with a pair of tin shears and a red mask for a kicker. And I'll shoot the man that tries to stop me."

Ranson sprang to his horse's side, and struck his toe into the empty stirrup strap; there was a scattering of pebbles, a scurry of hoofs, and the horse and rider became a gray blot in the moonlight.

The two lieutenants stood irresolute. Under his breath Crosby was swearing fiercely. Curtis stood staring out of the open door.

"Will he do it?" he asked.

"Of course he'll do it."

Curtis crossed the room and dropped into a chair. "And what was he and we bet on?" he asked. For some time the other made no answer. His brows were knit, and he tramped the room, scowling at the floor. Then with an exclamation of alarm he stepped lightly to the door of the exchange and drew back the curtain. In the outer room, Cahill stood at its furthest corner, scooping sugar from a hoghead.

Crosby's sowl relaxed, and, reseating himself at the table, he rolled a cigarette. "Now, if he pulls it off," he whispered, "and gets back to quarters, then—it's a case of all's well. But, if he's shot, or caught, and it all comes out, then it's up to us to prove he meant it as a practical joke."

"It isn't our duty to report it now, is it?" asked Curtis, nervously.

"Certainly not! If he chooses to make an ass of himself, that's none of our business. Unless he's found out, we have heard nothing and seen nothing. If he's caught, then we've got to stick by him, and testify that he did it on a bet. He'll probably win out all right. There is nobody expected on the stage but that Miss Post and her aunt. And the driver's an old hand. He knows better than to fight."

"There may be some cowboys coming up," said that's Ranson's lookout. As Cahill says, the Red Rider takes his chances."

"I wish there was something we could do now," Curtis protested petulantly. "I suppose we've just got to sit still and wait for him."

"That's all," answered Crosby, and then leaped to his feet. "What's that?" he asked. Out on the parade-ground, a bugle call broke suddenly on the soft spring air. It rang like an alarm. The noise of a man running swiftly sounded on the path, and before the officers reached the doorway Sergeant Clancy entered it, and halted at attention.

"The colonel's orders," panted the sergeant, "and the lieutenants are to take twenty men from G and H Troops, and ride to Kiowa to escort the paymaster."

"The paymaster?" Crosby cried. "He's not coming till Thursday."

"He's just telegraphed from Kiowa City, lieutenant. He's ahead of his schedule. He wants an escort for the money. He left Kiowa a few minutes ago in the up stage."

The two lieutenants sprang forward, and shouted in chorus: "The stage? He is in the stage!"

Sergeant Clancy stared dubiously from one officer to the other. He misunderstood their alarm, and with the privilege of long

service attempted to allay it. "The lieutenant knows nothing can happen to the stage till it reaches the buttes," he said. "There has never been a hold-up in it open, and the escort can reach the buttes long before the stage gets here." He coughed consciously. "Colonel's orders are to gallop, lieutenant."

As the two officers rode knee to knee through the night, the pay escort pounding the trail behind them, Crosby leaned from his saddle. "He has only ten minutes' start of us," he whispered. "We are certain to overtake him. We can't help but do it. We must do it. We must! If we don't, and he tries to stop Colonel Patton and the pay-roll, he'll die. Two women and a deaf driver, that—that's a joke. But an Indian fighter like old Paten, and Uncle Sam's money, that means a finish fight—and his death and disgrace." He turned savagely in his saddle. "Close up there!" he commanded. "Stop that talking. You keep your breath till I want it—and ride hard."

After the officers had galloped away from the messroom, and Sergeant Clancy had hurried after them to the stables, the post-trader entered it from the exchange and barred the door, which they in their haste had left open. As he did this, the close observer, had one been present, might have noted that though his movements were now alert and eager, they no longer were betrayed by any sound, and that his spurs had ceased to jangle. Yet that he purposed to ride abroad was evident from the fact that from a far corner he dragged out a heavy saddle. He flung this upon the counter, and swiftly stripped it of its stirrups. These, with more than necessary care, he hid away upon the highest shelf of the shop, while from the lower shelves he snatched a rubber poncho and a red kerchief. For a moment, as he unbarred the door, the post-trader paused and cast a quick glance before and behind him, and then the door closed and there was silence. A minute later it was broken by the hoofs of a horse galloping swiftly along the trail to Kiowa City.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In an Enchanted Forest
By Henry Tyrrell

An oak tree and a chestnut grew together in an enchanted forest on the hillside, O'erlooking what was once a spellbound valley—
Spell'd in the lush of love!—where still some glamour
Strange 'mid the rich embowered shadows
quivers,
And hangs mirage-like on a mere of silver
With magic wand-like birches round its margin,
Where distance melts to dreamland. All is
silence,

Untainted, unless by memories haunting,
Or breezes from the witless wisps of summer,
Like some Titanic spirit lost, and roaming
With its eternal stride through this wood-
land,
To feel the oak and chestnut sigh responsive,
Twined, as they listen, branch and bough
together.

The one cannot forget, who is forgotten:
Here two had loved, and one had hence de-
parted.

The other waits forlorn in vain regretting,
A death-in-life that is despair past praying,
And grief unending. Only the trees confiding
With wordless sympathy are warm and throbbing,
From roots in mother earth's deep bosom hid-
den,

To topest sprays that catch the kiss of
heaven.

He leans against the oak, a kindred being;
And from its mystic veins a subtle current,
Distill'd of wintry death and Spring immortal,
In numb deliriousness begins to mingle
With the heart's-blood of man. The oak and
chestnut,
Share they his soul? or finds he their oblivion?

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THE LATEST DESIGNS IN SPRING HOSIERY AND FOOTWEAR

CHIFF among the popular stocking novelties for the summer is the white hose. This stocking will be worn with driving, visiting and evening costume and comes in a beautiful variety of designs. Some of them are almost covered with delicately embroidered flowers, while others have clockings of black or colored silk extending high up the sides. The white stockings shown in the illustration are of sheerest gauze silk, the entire front being of fancy lace-work. The pale gray and mauve—the so-called "linen-colored" stockings—bid fair to rival the white in popularity; they likewise are daintily trimmed in embroidered clockings or floral designs, but are most effective when worn with a gown to harmonize in shade.

For occasions that require black stockings, those of gauze and lisle seem to be in the better favor. The central picture at the top of the page shows a black gauze silk embroidered stock, the floral design being of lilies-of-the-valley and green leaves. Another charming effect is shown just below it in lace and embroidery. The upper half of this stocking is of sheer lisle, the lower portion being of filmy lacework. Standing out in relief against the lace background are heavily embroidered oak leaves, artistically scattered.

Clockings are as much in vogue as ever and are seen in richly colored embroidery. White clockings on black hose

are very smart. There is also the ever-popular "drop-stitch" stocking, always the proper thing for outing and every-day wear and strongly recommended for durability, where the daintier and more elaborate stockings fail.

Stockings of red and blue silk will be popular this season; they will have no trimming, with the occasional exception of clockings in white embroidery. A most exclusive style of hosiery is the tan silk and lacework stocking. It is reported that one large Paris shop offered to purchase every pair of tan silk hose in the market, so great is the demand for them by the best-dressed French women.

Quite equal to the stockings in beauty and quality are the shoes. For bedroom wear there is the "mule," a very dainty affair, with high Louis XV. heels, pointed toe and fancy ribbon bow, set a trifle to one side and surmounted by a brilliant ornament. The "mule" is made of silk or satin and covers only the fore part of the foot—as may be seen in the centre picture. It has a lining of softest kid, making it an ideal slipper for lounging or for negligée wear. Next, for walking or other outdoor exercise, there is the low-heeled, flat-toed "Oxford," which is to be had in calfskin, Russia or patent leather. The round box toe is made perfectly flat, on a level with the ground, the turned toe being no longer the mode in walking shoes. Another morning shoe shown above is known

as the "Duchesse." Its high, broad tongue with a satin bow at the base gives this tie a more dressy appearance than the "Oxford" just described.

For afternoon wear there are dainty "Marguise" patent leather ties. These have high Louis XV. heels and a medium toe. For a less dressy effect there is the patent leather low-quarter shoe, with its medium military heel, flat toe and broad silk lacing.

The "Duchesse Colonial" ties are the proper thing for driving. They are made in endless variety and may be considered the season's special novelty. This shoe has a broad label with a buckle or bow at its base, high heel and medium toe, and it gives the foot a very aristocratic appearance. The buckles are usually elaborate conic or gilt or rhinestone. These Colonial slippers are seen in tan and red kid, as well as in patent leather. One striking style is shown in black patent leather with high red heels and red velvet rosettes in place of the buckles.

There will not be so many tan shoes and ties worn this season as last—in fact, some of the best shops are not showing a single russet shoe. The ties of white canvas and gray buckskin are among the smartest of the novelties. The sandals, with dainty steel-strapped straps, are also popular and pretty, and look well with light gauze stockings.

FOOD AND ITS EFFECT ON PERSONAL BEAUTY

By RANJII SMILE

PHYSICAL BEAUTY, like good health, is all a matter of what one eats. Tell me what food a nation consumes most of and I will tell you the characteristics of its accepted type of loveliness.

The national dish, I might say, always modifies the beauty as well as the health of the race which eats it. You cannot look for fair, shell-thinned complexions among a race of people who eschew the meat diet, nor can you hope to find soft, languorous eyes among a race of people who do not use hot seasonings in their foods.

It is an undisputed fact among the best medical authorities that the ideal menu, from the standpoint of good digestion, comprises a liberal variety of diet. The same can be said of the ideal menu from the standpoint of personal beauty.

There is only too much of a tendency to restrict our diet to a few favorite dishes. That is a great mistake. We should all try to be cosmopolitan eaters. We should try to cultivate taste for all wholesome dishes, and avoid, as much as possible, getting into what Americans term a "rut," because culinary ruts are quite as detrimental to the digestion, as well as to beauty, as mental ruts are to the mind.

It is sometimes objected that it is impossible, or at least impracticable, to elaborate the home menu without serious inconvenience and discord in the kitchen. Especially is this cry raised in families where there is only one servant. This is not true, however. The average American of moderate means can have quite as much variety on his table as the millionaire. He can be quite as much of a culinary cosmopolitan as if he dined every day in a fashionable restaurant.

The cookery of India especially recommends itself for the experiment of the American family. It is on the whole extremely simple, wholesome and nutritious, and in its inevitable use of sharp, hot seasonings adds an element wholly lacking in the food put upon the average home table, an element conducive alike to good digestion and to the development of those subtle physical qualities which come under the category of charm and beauty.

As examples of some of these wholesome and nutritious Indian dishes I here append a few recipes, any one of which can be prepared by the home cook or housewife. As any good cook must understand the necessity for buying only the best quality of meats and the very freshest vegetables, it is unnecessary for me to add this caution. The same holds



good as regards pepper, salt, and the sharper seasonings and condiments, in the use of which great care must be taken not to overdo it.

KALOOK RANJII.—Select five fresh oysters—Blue Points preferably—half shell them, and sprinkle with black pepper and very fine pulverized salt. Pour a little tap sauce on the top of each oyster, and grate a liberal quantity of good cheese over this—any preferred variety of cheese will do—and put into a very hot oven for just two and one-half minutes by the watch.

KALOOK OMAR KHAYTAM.—Put a piece of butter about the size of a walnut into a chafing-dish, melt the butter over a

gentle flame, and squeeze into it the half of a good-sized lemon. Take a dozen nice large oysters and drop them one by one into this mixture, adding a teaspoonful of sharp chutney sauce. Stir gently until oysters are thoroughly hot and cooked through and serve in shells.

MULLIGATAWY OMAR KHAYTAM.—The bones of one large chicken from which the meat has been removed should be chopped into pieces about two inches long. Take a sprig of parsley, two sticks of celery and four onions, the latter sliced very thin. Put a large tablespoonful of butter into the saucepan, and when the butter melts put in the sliced onions and stir around with a silver spoon until the mass becomes a rich brown color. Add a dessertspoonful of best Madras curry powder, stirring vigorously all the while. Throw in the broken chicken bones, the celery and the parsley and add three and one-half cups of boiling water. Cook for two hours over a slow fire. Take out of saucepan and strain through a finely woven muslin cloth. Return to cooking vessel, and add two teaspoonfuls of freshly boiled rice. Skim any fat that may come to the top and serve in a bowl. This recipe, if followed closely, will result in a most delicious thin Mulligatawry.

The Indian soups and chowders are invariably of a most appetizing flavor, especially the following:

FISH CHOWDER.—Take an ordinary sized fish of almost any seasonable kind, boil until tender, and chop up bones and meat together into the consistency of ordinary hash. Add half a teaspoonful of curry powder, two tablespoonfuls of tap sauce, two tablespoonfuls of raw rice, two tomatoes sliced thin, one onion, half a cup of thick cream and two cups of water. Cook for half an hour over a slow fire, stirring gently from time to time. When done, run through a colander, season with pepper and salt, and return to fire until very hot before serving.

MURGH SINDH.—Remove the skin and bones from a nice boiled fish. Chop up the meat very fine, together with a little parsley. Add a teaspoonful of Ranji chutney and mix the entire composition well with pepper and salt. Mold into croquettes, and dip each croquette into the beaten yolk of an egg, then dip into bread-crumbs, and fry in butter until brown. Serve with any desired sauce.

KAFRO.—Take cold chicken, lamb, mutton or beef as a basis for this dish. Remove skin, gristle and bones, and

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THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHAVE—ROLLER AND SHAVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE.

THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

The Modern Woman's Lips

By Eleanor Hoyt

THE WOMAN with a contented mouth is rare as the dodo to-day. A cursory glance at the occupants of any street car will point that fact. Women still smile when occasion demands. At the dinner-table, at luncheons, at teas, at social functions of all sorts, the modern woman's face is wreathed in smiles, her lips turn up riotously at their corners, but when she is alone her face betrays her.

Study the mouths of the women who ride alone in their luxurious carriages; watch the faces of the women in the street cars; note the woman anywhere who believes herself to be unobserved; always the downward droop. Among men things are different. A man may have a brutal mouth, a dishonest mouth, a stubborn mouth, but he seldom has an unhappy mouth. As a rule, when not hidden by a moustache or beard, his mouth is distinctly noncommittal. It does not declare to the world a state of mind. The exigencies of a business life have trained it too well for that.

Are the women really as unhappy as they look when their features are in repose? And if they are, what is the reason? Does the downward droop mean mere surface fretfulness, or a divine discontent, or a deep-rooted sorrow, or only sheer fatigue?

Possibly the opening up of new avenues to power and achievement has stirred womanhood to discontent with established conditions. The downward droop may be a commentary on feminine progress; but even a yearning for immortal fame or for the ballot or for a club presidency is not sufficient apology for the spilling of faces in whose semblance, we have been assured, angels are painted.

The restless striving that dominates American society, the national feverish longing to climb the social ladder and join the elect, who perch upon the giddy heights of democratic aristocracy as represented by the Four Hundred, may have turned the lip corners downward. Strongly drawn class lines may be opposed to the theory that all men are born free and equal, but they are wonderful promoters of serene content. If social aspirations, a consuming desire for dinner invitations and for an exaggerated visiting list are responsible for the discontented mouths of our women, some mighty medicine is needed to purge feminine minds of folly and restore to woman her sense of values.

The fatigue theory seems more plausible than any other. The average woman to-day is chronically tired and disposed to feel sorry for herself. Hence the droop. Small wonder that she is tired. She is the most phenomenal exponent of the strenuous life. Modern demands upon her time and energy have converted her into a human pinwheel. She whirls madly through domestic duties, household economies, Froebel child training, sociological experiment, club duties, social obligations. She spins through music and literature and art and physical culture and dietetics. She must be a "well-rounded woman." She must not only know and do a little of everything; she must know and do a great deal of everything.

There are society women who turn over all domestic and family cares to paid subordinates; yet, despite frequent assertions to the contrary, the tendency to-day is toward greater conscientiousness in such matters. The ubiquitous college girl takes life very seriously. She isn't above filling a lofty social niche, but she has knowledge about housekeeping, and she knows all about hygienic care of children. She insists upon keeping her intellectual muscles in training through study and club work. She feels a responsibility in regard to the submerged tenth and goes in for charities and settlement work. Incidentally, she believes in athletics for women and keeps up her golf and tennis. She has set an appalling pace for her sisters. Women are engaged in a mad endeavor to accomplish the impossible and the result is nervous prostration. It may be that the downward drooping lips are another of the signs.

Some of the strong-minded sisters may urge that the discontent is due to man's shortcomings, but man is the same old man and the shortcomings are the same old shortcomings. While the discontented feminine mouth in its epidemic form is a development comparatively recent.

It seems logical to credit the phenomenon to those features of woman's present phase which are most distinctly modern and aggressive. Whatever the cause, the effect is deplorable. If the dear women will but turn up their mouth corners and look happy humanity will more easily tolerate other weathercocks that veer to the wind of modernity.

A PROBLEM IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY



By Belle M. Sherman

ASK ANY housekeeper what she considers the most important and difficult problem of the day to be solved and she unhesitatingly will reply: "The servant question."

"This branch of economics has been apparently so thoroughly threshed out both by employer and employ that it would seem there was not only no remedy, but no new reason to give why the present conditions in domestic service should exist here in America as well as in Europe.

England, to the average American housekeeper, is a dream Eden, as far as the well-trained and faithful servant is concerned. All the novels which are written on English life picture an idyllic life in the domestic economy of the well-to-do and middle-class household in England. Even the "slavery" of the London lodging-house is imbued with a glamour which makes many a distressed mistress on this side of the water sigh and envy her English sister.

This is all very well in books, but the conditions existing in domestic economy across the Atlantic are very much the same as they are with us. The days when lords and ladies ruled the land have gone by. The factories of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield and the great coal regions of the North have made it possible for the lodgekeeper's daughter, instead of having no alternative than that of

taking service at the great house as her mother did, to go into a factory and marry some energetic factory lad, who stands a good chance of one day becoming a Cotton King and his wife a society leader; so that the days when first mother and then daughter served at the lord's house are rapidly passing away.

This same condition of things exists with us and seems to me to be due to the spirit of democracy, which is growing stronger day by day—the feeling that all men are equal; the dream which floats mirage-like before the eyes of the laboring man, as he digs and delves and carries bricks, and of his wife as she bends over her washub or plies her scrubbing-brush, that some day he and she will ride in their carriages, and, if not they, then surely their children.

The ambition of the emigrant as soon as he lands in America is to become a citizen of this great and glorious Republic, and once he is naturalized and attains the proud dignity of fatherhood, he and the wife immediately begin to plan how the young ones shall be educated, taught a trade and become gentlemen and ladies.

The children in turn, when they grow up and marry, go one rung higher on the social ladder, and they scrape and save and plan to give the boys a profession and the girls piano and singing lessons, and thus prepare them for the prince who is to come along, marry

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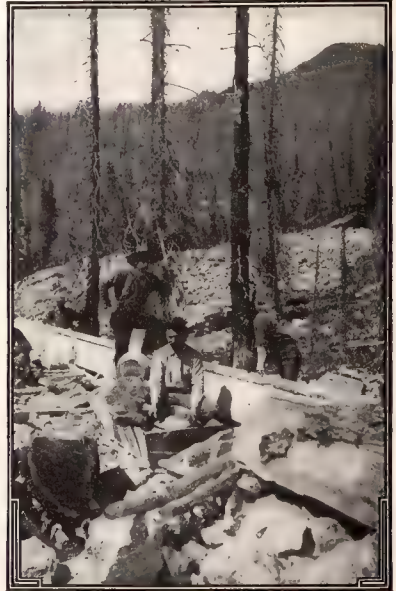
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Caswells Piping the Decomposed Porphyry on the Surface of their Mine



Caswell Brothers Panning Gold in Sluice Boxes on their Claim on the Slope of Thunder Mountain

THE NEW ELDORADO ON THUNDER MOUNTAIN, IDAHO

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM M. H. JACOBS, STATE MINE INSPECTOR, BOISE, IDAHO

THE IDAHO ELSDORADO

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN, Idaho, has become apparently a new synonym for Eldorado, the "gilded land" sought by millions and found by few.

So in the summer of 1894 the three brothers set their faces toward the wilderness of Idaho, with Thunder Mountain, somehow, as a guide and goal.

As they tramped through the wilderness they closely examined every stream, to discover the source and gravel of its bottom that "color" which baunts the miner's dreams and which may be the sign of unmeasured treasure hidden in the hills.

"This looks good!"

"Looks good" in the lingo of the gold camp, means that there is evidence of

"color," of the presence, or at least of the neighborhood, of gold.

The Caswells at once plunged into the sand of the river-bed. The first few spadefuls of earth revealed the long-sought "color"; and the march through the wilderness was halted.

When the Caswells "struck" gold, they owned nothing in their regions, except a few dollars that they had borrowed. The friend who had advanced it to them had the option of accepting the amount with due interest in payment, or of taking in lieu of the debt a fourth interest in the "stake" or gold claim.

But Caswell says the tales of hardship told about the Thunder Mountain country are not exaggerations. It is a lonely, dreary, heart-breaking country, swept by snow blizzards in winter.

When the Caswells first began working the gold on the mountain they had tremendous hardships in getting their "dust" and "dirt" to the market. They had, on each trip, to traverse the wilderness, where they must live on game killed by their rifles, and be on guard against savages and robbers.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY—II

"HOW-TO-DO-ITS" ILLUSTRATED BY AN EXPERT, WHO, BEFORE HE BECAME ONE, MADE HANSOMS AND HORSES HIGHER THAN HOUSES AND FLOORED "SKY-SCRAPERS"

By EDWARD A. ROTH

IT WAS merely an accident—my becoming a photographer. The germ might have lain dormant and never developed into "osmosis" but for a chance occurrence.



"The Trojan Horse"

"Want to?" queried the "marvel" and "entertained" the darkness, where, though I knew it not, was to be kindled the spark that later waxed into a flame which consumed my very being and made me for a time a configuration that my friends had from, in fear of my "snaphotting" proclivities.

It was a very proper darkness that my friend had. It was the sort of darkness that, I afterward learned, had much to do with the results that put him in the "marvel" class. I learned this after the usual graduation from a makeshift bathroom that leaked light into itself and that hadn't a square ledge anywhere to rest plates and trays upon.

IN THE DARKROOM

After the door had been carefully closed and locked against chance intrusion I entered upon the gloomy first stage of my instruction. Dark was the place as the bottom of a Colorado canyon at midnight, save for the feeble glimmer of a ruby lamp. My friend had already loaded three shallow trays with various liquids, all of which looked ruby-colored in the eerie light and one of which smelled of some vile essence that resembled nothing so much as rancid butter—very long rancid butter that had never had much standing with its kind.

Almost suffocated, I begged to be let out. "Too late," vouchsafed my mentor; "I have got a plate in the developer and can't open the door." Oh, it's the smell, eh? Why, that's not so acetic and—I always use it in the 'hypos'; it hardens the emulsion. Watch this," he added, "down in this tray."

I gazed intently at the red-yellow bit of glass and saw—nothing. But, as I watched, a dark blot appeared on the surface of the plate as the manipulator gently rocked wafers over it. Convinced that the plate must

have been spoiled, I was, however, discreet enough to keep silent, mentally reserving the right to gloat afterward.

Still the dark stain spread, and then resolved itself into lines that shaped gradually a hazy, indistinct form; then, adding details like a thing of magic, unfolded, line by line, a clear, beautiful, and unique picture. It was the direct reverse of anything I had known in art. Here was limning from a solid shadow, not the slow working up by a limner's step process. That settled it; I became an amateur photographer long before my friend had washed the first negative and placed it in the "hypos" for fixing. Entranced, I watched with growing interest every stage of the development of thirty-two plates and became intoxicated with the fascination of it all.

LAUNCHED WITH A CAMERA

I was an amateur photographer—with the accent on the "amateur." I purchased the best camera that I could afford and then pursued the rugged course of my education. Explanations and suggestions volunteered by my expert friend were eagerly absorbed, greedily devoured; but the theories wouldn't work in my clumsy, unskilled practice. Finally I began to learn through my own mistakes. I produced, I made pictures by the yard; but such pictures! It was, however, in the mistakes I made and in seeking for the reason of them that I found my textbooks. And let me emphasize here that no textbook can take the place of experience. The best way to go about learning photography is to begin to photograph. Find out the cause of your failures and soon they will grow less. I learned many lessons from my mistakes. From my few good early pictures—and, strangely enough, my first was one of my best—I learned nothing. They were chance successes. I now can afford to admit that I didn't know how I got them.

Never did I turn over the exposed plates to a professional for development. The ecstasy of that first weird seance in the darkroom lingered with me and I didn't see the use of "having somebody else take the fun" all the fun." I watched my first negatives creep slowly into existence with rare delight. Some of them didn't creep—they jumped joyously into evidence at almost the first contact of the developer, and sprang as quickly, yet so softly, back into oblivion, some a time before I learned that an overexposed plate



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performed this vanishing trick by habit. Once I was near the happy stage which an amateur reaches when he has posed a dozen plates and wasted none of them. It was in the most intense heat of summer and my improvised darkroom was a taste of the hereafter of the wicked. Each plate developed evenly and sharply and was fixed, firmly and permanently as though it were applied and clinched, as I believed, in the "hypo." Performing a scalp-dance, I placed them all in a tray of water—I had no running water in my darkroom then.

Changing the water, as per directions of a guidebook, I found, after the second aqueous relief, a scum on the surface of the water, and swept it off into my hand. It was gummy and "stuck." Then I awoke to the fact that because I had not used ice water the summer temperature had so warmed the water in the tray that the filmy surface had floated off the glass plates and left me minus all my negatives. A real photographer nearly was lost to the world at this point in my "development."

The camera, especially in very rapid work, blinks its eye upon an exact point—an instant of motion, if you like—shuts its lid and produces exactly what it sees at this single brief instant of from one one-hundredth to one twenty-seven-hundredth of a second. The photographer must learn to see with the camera's eye, not with his own.

It was my good fortune, and that of my friends, that in the first stages of my evolution I practiced mostly upon inanimate objects. Once, however, I sneaked upon a sleeping man, stretched upon a skylight, and made an interesting study in feet myself. But the tricks my camera played on me before I learned to see with it were many and strange.

LILIPUTIAN CABS AND MASTODON STEKDS

My first conception of the art of "snaphotting" had in it something akin to "Sherlock Holmes" methods. I caught myself stealthily approaching lamp-posts, cabs and the like, with plate adjusted, trigger set and bulb in hand, creeping in the manner of an Indian in a midnight ambush. The Indian gets his eye close to the ground as well as his ear, on such occasions. I got my camera's eye too close to the ground and would have gotten his ear on an ear level if it had had one. Some of the results were appallingly novel. I had cabs taller than the houses directly in front of which they stood; horses that began like mastodons and tapered into goats at the hind-quarters; lamp-posts that towered high above the roofs behind them; dogs with huge heads and fore-paws that became dwarf terriers half-way along their bodies.

And the worst of it was that I didn't know what was wrong until my expert friend told me something of the mysteries of focusing. To illustrate it, he showed me why I had photographed a "skyscraper" in such a manner that it looked as though it were lying flat on the ground. Then he said that I had been playing tricks with a trusty, deserving and faithful camera, and that it had not imposed upon me at all.

FOOD PUZZLED

Hard Work Sometimes to Kaise Children

Children's taste is oftentimes more accurate in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body than that of adults. Mature workers more accurately through the children.

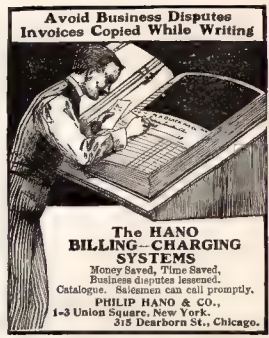
A Brooklyn lady says, "Our little boy has long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on. One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper and I think he would have liked the food for dinner.

The difference in his appearance is something wonderful. My husband has never been known to fancy cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost magical. They continued the food and to-day both children are well and strong as any children in this City, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in the right kind of food, for she has the evidence before her eyes every day.

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AUTOMOBILE ENDURANCE RUN



Cray (U. of P.) breaking World's Record Pole Vault

If one were to select a cat with some previous experience of dogs and a dog that is keen for cats and start them twenty-five feet apart, first advising each that the run was not for speed but for endurance and that each should go at about half speed, one would have just as much feeling of certainty that the instructions would be carried out as in a hundred-mile endurance contest for automobiles. Out of something like 69 entries in the Long Island Club endurance run, 13 of them went flying over the road from Jamaica at excessive speed and stories are told of one case where the pace was simply terrific.

Automobiles of all descriptions were lined up at the starting-point when the clerk of the course gave the word at 9.30 a.m. to go. The official speed was not to exceed fifteen miles an hour and any machine going faster than this was to be disqualified. It was not long, however, before the speed rule was broken, and automobiles were flying along at a terrific rate. The most notable of these was Emil Voight, who had started out considerably behind the others in a 24-horsepower Panhard owned by J. E. Ewing. It was 10.33 when Mr. Voight started, and, after getting off the course at least five miles, he finished the hundred-mile run at 1.25. It is the opinion of many observers on Roslyn

Hill that Mr. Ewing's machine climbed the hill at a much faster speed than the others. No official time was taken, however, owing to its disqualification. This same machine, driven by Mr. Voight, came in second at the Paris-Toulon run last year. The best times were made by the following machines, all of which were promptly disqualified: Emil Voight (Panhard), 2 hours, 52 minutes; Dr. J. G. Lyman (Panhard), 4 hours, 2 minutes, 80 seconds; Charles D. Cook (Darracq), 4 hours, 28 minutes; and Kenneth A. Skinner (De Dion-Bouton), 5 hours, 4 seconds. Among those who followed orders were Insley Blair, with a 16-horsepower Panhard, in 6 hours, 44 minutes; E. E. Britton, with a similar machine, 6 hours, 46 minutes, 10 seconds; and Percy Owen, with a 15-horsepower Winton, in 6 hours, 38 minutes, 15 seconds. W. H. Owen, with a 9-horsepower gasomobile, came in in 5 hours, 54 minutes.

Eight of the machines quit when they struck the hill at Roslyn, 49 of the 69 starters reached Hempstead and 46 finished the run. The annual relay races at the University of Pennsylvania, which were first established some eight years ago, have steadily grown until they actually represent a great deal more, in the way of distributed talent, than any other track meeting of the year. Upon the occasion of the eighth meeting, held on April 26, there were 10,000 spectators present and 125 colleges and preparatory schools were represented. No less than 31 events were decided, in which a total of some 600 athletes competed.

For the first time in several years, Frank B. Ellis, the manager of the games, failed to secure ideal conditions from the Weather Bureau. He has almost always provided a perfect day, but this time, although the sun and the clouds favored him, the wind did not, for it blew a gale during the entire afternoon and interfered with the comfort, to say the

least, of runners and spectators. For all that, several records were broken. This was due to the fact that the track was in excellent condition and the men who ran were a particularly determined lot. In no race was this determination more clearly shown than in the 100-yard dash, where Duffy, the champion, was forced to do 9 4-5 seconds in both his heat, and the final in order to win. In addition, Moulton, of Yale, in the first quarter of the mile relay, in order to beat out his Harvard opponent, had to get down to 49 4-5—a very notable performance under the conditions.

The world's record was broken in the two-mile relay, Pennsylvania winning in the excellent time of 8 minutes, 4 4-5 seconds. The college record was previously held by Princeton's quartet—Perry, Oregon, Willis and Cochran—at 8 minutes and 5 seconds. In the one-mile High School Relay, won by the South Division High School of Chicago, the record of 3 minutes, 41 2-5 seconds was beaten by 5 2-5 seconds. The one-mile College Championship Relay record, standing hitherto at 3 minutes, 23 1-5 seconds, was beaten by the Harvard four, which covered it in 3 minutes, 21 2-5 seconds.

The four-mile relay had been looked forward to with great interest, but the Yale four was so much too strong for Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Harvard, as to rob it of much of its interest. The Yale men ran well, but were not seriously pushed after the second mile. The mile relay narrowed down to a great fight between Harvard and Yale, in which Harvard finally won out, thanks principally to the work of Willis, who closed up the gap that had been handed over to Hunter and gave his fourth man, Rust, enough of a lead over the Yale man to settle the race. The mile Preparatory School National Championship was won by Hill's School, Pittstown, and the High School National by the South Division, Chicago. The 120 yard hurdle was won by Maloney of Chicago, with Milburn of Yale second, in 15 4-5 seconds. Nelson of Columbia won the shot put with 42 feet 4 inches, with Beck

Duffy (Georgetown) winning the 100-Yard Dash in 9 4-5 Seconds, equalling the World's Record



J. F. Hahn, Captain University of Wisconsin Track Team



S. S. Jones, New York University, winning the High Jump, 5 Feet 9 3-4 Inches



End of the First Half-Mile in the 2-Mile Relay



F. G. Maloney, Chicago, Winner 120-Yard Hurdle

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Chicago, Auditorium Bldg.
Paris, 20 Avenue Raspail.
Paris, September 23d, 1901.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
Rheims, N. Y.

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24 East 34th Street, New York

of Yale second. DeWitt of Princeton won the hammer throw with 160 feet 4 inches. Cornell and New York University won the discus with 104 feet 7 inches. Jones of New York took the high jump at 5 feet 9 3/4 inches, with Curtis of Princeton second. Gray of Pennsylvania won the pole vault, breaking the intercollegiate record with 11 feet 8 inches. Magee of Chicago second. Follows of Yale took the broad jump with 31 feet 8 1/2 inches, Bodman of Yale second.

The races were excellently managed, run off like clockwork and on scheduled time. Harvard entered a protest in the two-mile relay, Boynton claiming that he was crowded by the Pennsylvania representative, but the referee did not see it in the same light.

Especially strong was the work of the Western representatives in these relay races. For the first time a high school relay team came on for Eastern honors, and, under Mr. Stage's guardianship, the South Division High School four, consisting of Buckwalter (captain), Henderson, Horwitz and Dickey, not only won their event—the Madison High School Championship—but in addition to that, as already noted, best a record which had stood for some years at 3 minutes, 41 2/5 seconds, by running their four laps in 3 minutes, 35 seconds. It was a most creditable performance. Then, again, the work of Wisconsin in the four-mile was far better than the final result would indicate; for had it not been for the fact that Hahn, in the third relay, attempted to make up his distance so early against a strong head wind as to exhaust himself, so that Franchot and Hahn finally stretched out a considerable gap, the work would have been much closer, and, as it was, Wisconsin defeated both Pennsylvania and Harvard.

The West was particularly strong, also, in the 100 yard dash and in the hurdle races. In the 100, Blair and Maloney of Chicago so pressed Duffy as to make it necessary for him to run in 9 4/5 to keep ahead of them, and it was a close race at that, these two Chicago men running a dead heat for the second place and both of them beating out Hargrave, Yale's crack sprinter. Then in the hurdle race, in the 100 yard hurdle Maloney ran his first heat in 15 3/5 seconds and won over Milburn of Yale and Sherwood of Pennsylvania in the finals in 15 4/5. Magee of Chicago showed up very well indeed in the 200 yard dash, getting over 11 feet 5 inches, and being beaten only by Gray of Pennsylvania, who broke the intercollegiate record by clearing 11 feet 8 inches.

WESTERN TRACK ATHLETES

For the first time a high school relay team came on for Eastern honors, and, under Mr. Stage's guardianship, the South Division High School four, consisting of Buckwalter (captain), Henderson, Horwitz and Dickey, not only won their event—the Madison High School Championship—but in addition to that, as already noted, best a record which had stood for some years at 3 minutes, 41 2/5 seconds, by running their four laps in 3 minutes, 35 seconds. It was a most creditable performance. Then, again, the work of Wisconsin in the four-mile was far better than the final result would indicate; for had it not been for the fact that Hahn, in the third relay, attempted to make up his distance so early against a strong head wind as to exhaust himself, so that Franchot and Hahn finally stretched out a considerable gap, the work would have been much closer, and, as it was, Wisconsin defeated both Pennsylvania and Harvard.

in the race between the Pennsylvania second crew and the Cadet freshmen the Naval Cadets turned the tables on the University men by winning the short race with over two lengths. The time was 8 minutes 3 seconds by the Navy; Pennsylvania ten seconds behind.

Western men show strength in the athletic ranks not only in the men they are sending out to compete now but in the roll of high-class performances. Of the men who are accredited with running 100 yards in 9 4/5 are the Westerners Maybury and Rush, the former accomplishing this in 1897 and the latter in 1898. In the 150 yards there is Owen of Detroit, who is credited with 14 4/5 as long ago as 1890. In the 220 yards there is Maybury, who ran that distance under the half of a quarter-mile path in 21 4/5 seconds in 18 9/8. In the 200 yards there is Maybury, who holds the unique record of the standing long jump backward with weights 25 feet, made in November of 1884. Payne of Cleveland holds a record of 24 feet for two standing long jumps forward with weights.

Further West there is Lawlor, who, at San Francisco in 1876, covered 39 feet 9 inches in three standing long jumps with weights. Then there is Plaw of the University of California, who's a performance with the hammer are already beyond the record, and this summer it may be expected that they will increase this still further. Then there is O'Des of Wisconsin, who holds the record made in 1898 of a football drop-kick of 189 feet 11 inches.

GEORGETOWN ROWING

The Poughkeepsie race and the contestants in that regatta are already beginning to attract attention. The differences regarding the place for racing second crews have been already coming upon somewhat at length. How much feeling this matter may have stirred up it is impossible to tell at this date. Meantime, the latest aspirants for hosting honors in the shape of Georgetown and Syracuse are pegging along quietly and determinedly. Syracuse, under the guidance of Sweetland, has been recognized as having troubles of her own of a disciplinary character. Not much has been heard of Georgetown, but there is a quiet determination among the men at the head of affairs there to make Georgetown's name as respected in the rowing world as it has already become on the diamond and on the track. The baseball union which so regularly defeat the so called leaders among the more northern universities are certainly in the first rank annually of college ball players. The university which sent out Bernard J. Wefers and which is now represented by the most consistent sprinter on the track to day, Arthur Duffy—who recently repeated 9 4/5 seconds for the 100 twice in the same afternoon—demands a high standard of athletic performance in any organization which she sends out to represent her. Hence it is that the leaders down there desire particularly to get a crew that shall cross the finish line with up to the leaders on the Hudson, and every effort is being bent toward that end.

ROLL OF RECORD HOLDERS IN THE WEST

Owen of Detroit, who is credited with 14 4/5 as long ago as 1890. In the 220 yards there is Maybury, who ran that distance under the half of a quarter-mile path in 21 4/5 seconds in 18 9/8. In the 200 yards there is Maybury, who holds the unique record of the standing long jump backward with weights 25 feet, made in November of 1884. Payne of Cleveland holds a record of 24 feet for two standing long jumps forward with weights.

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Candidates for the Georgetown Varsity Crew

There is O'Des of Wisconsin, who holds the record made in 1898 of a football drop-kick of 189 feet 11 inches.

At the Interstate Pan-American Championship games of 1901, held in the Stadium at Buffalo, Young of Chicago ran third in the 100 and 220, and Maloney of Chicago won the quarter-mile, with Merrill, a Belmont man, third. Harris of Minnesota took second in the half-mile with Bellinger of Cornell third. Berry of Cornell won the mile, with Trout, his club mate, third. Gallagher of Cornell won the two mile, with Berry third. Maloney of Chicago won the high and low hurdles, with two Cornell men respectively second and third in each event. Tat of Minnesota took second place in the running high jump, with a Cornell man third, and secured a similar place in the running broad jump. In pole vaulting Eudley of Paris took first place, with Fredericks of Cornell second. Rogers of Cornell took second place in the shot and Carey of Chicago second place in the hammer.

Every one remembers the marvellous running of Crum of the University of Iowa and his showing on the first occasion of his visit to the East. Burroughs of Chicago and Merrill of Belmont, Hodgman of Michigan and Palmer of Iowa, and the wonderful record breaker Kneuzen himself, who came from the University of Wisconsin, are names that will be long remembered in running annals.

PENN-ANAPOLIS RACES

The first of the rowing events of the year occurred at Annapolis on April 23. It had been postponed from the 26th, on

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE

More college discipline in the front. It is reported that Coach Sweetland—who purchases imbedded in the team from Cornell inmates, as he is a Cornell graduate—has dropped from the Syracuse University crew the captain, together with Farish and Sumner. It is said that the crew, if it holds together, will have a new captain just before the Memorial Day races. **WALTER CAMP**

Twenty Thousand Harvest Hands Wanted in Kansas

HARVESTING a hundred million bushels of wheat covering an area of five million acres is no small contract. It is therefore little wonder that twenty thousand extra laborers need to be imported into Kansas. David W. Blaine, a farmer and implement dealer of Pratt, the central point in the wheat belt, has taken up the self-appointed and unremunerative task of providing this labor to the Kansas wheat grower. For two years he has imported thousands of laborers, and the present season sees his unique labor bureau at the height of its success.

Mr. Blaine has made a study of the harvest question, both from the standpoint of the laborer and the employer. He has found that in wheat centres unless plenty of men came in those on hand were inclined to raise the price of their work, thus doing injury to the employer. If such came to be, even as it did in parts of Kansas last year, it took all the profit of the farmer away to pay his men. If the farmer grew stubborn, as he was apt to do, the wheat went to ruin and neither benefited thereby. A strike in a harvest field means the ruin of the entire field if let alone for two or more days. By establishing agencies through the wheat belt, and ascertaining the exact needs of the farmer, Mr.



D. W. Blaine of Pratt, who will import 20,000 Harvest Hands into Kansas

Blaine thus assures every man of employment whom he starts out from Kansas City, where the principal bureau is located. These extra men are only employed during the thirty days of the harvesting season. The men are paid from one dollar and a half to two dollars per day, while men and teams earn about one-third more. This includes their board.

Mr. Blaine arranges to get the information as to the number of men needed through the assessors early in the spring. He then keeps a close watch on the crop reports from every community and changes his report accordingly. He can tell within a half-hour of the number of men who can find employment during the wheat-cutting season. This year twenty thousand men and five thousand teams are to be used.

Those seeking work first go to Kansas City, providing they come from the East. If from the West, they go to Wichita. Here State employment agencies care for them by informing them where to go. Mr. Blaine is out in the wheat belt directing the course of the men. They are brought in on freight trains at cheap rates. The farmers come to the small towns on appointed days and employ the number they wish, taking them aboard at once. Should any of them prove unable to stand the work, it is the duty of Mr. Blaine to supply more, and he generally does it. The merchants of the wheat belt are always kind to the young man, if they find him willing to work. He can get credit for any and every thing, promising to pay for it in wheat or corn from his next crop. All kinds of farming machinery are sold this way, although the farmers who have been in the business a good while always pay cash for their goods these days when they are growing rich so fast.

Before Mr. Blaine's system had reached its present state of perfection, tramps were often captured and forced to work. This is one reason why tramp life across Kansas has no charms for the hobo.

WM. R. DRAPER.



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alogues and send 10c for samples worth double.
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Fast Railroading in the West

THE IDEA of a railroad train becoming
its own photographer is somewhat
out of the usual line in picture-tak-
ing, but this is what an express train on one
of the gigantic Western railroad systems did
recently.

The officials wished to get a picture of the
train in motion, but it was found impossible
to catch a clear view by making a snapshot
in the ordinary way. Finally the photog-
rapher thought out a scheme which he put
into operation with really remarkable results.
He figured that the train running at full speed
would cover between eighty and eighty-eight
feet in a second or one foot in one-eighth
of a second. As the average speed of a pho-
tographic shutter is no more than one-hun-
dredth of a second, it was necessary to con-
struct a special shutter which would make
the exposure at least ten times as fast. This
was done, and the camera focused at a section
of the track where it was desired to pho-
tograph the train. Then one of the rails was
connected by an electric switch with the
compressed air apparatus working the camera
shutter so that the instant the "pony" wheels
of the engine touched the end of the shutter
circuit would be formed which would spring
the shutter.

With this scheme arranged the photographer
and railroad officials waited until the first sunny
day, and, going to the outdoor studio just be-
fore the train was to pass, the spot, con-
nected the shutter with the track, set the
camera and waited for the train to do the
rest. How well it took its own picture is
shown in the illustration, although it was
travelling at an estimated speed of nearly
sixty miles an hour.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad
recently established a new world's record for
passenger-train speed. When the conductor's
statement of a run of nearly fifteen miles in
nine minutes was sent in, even the officials
themselves were incredulous and ordered
a detailed report. The investigation proved
the figures to be absolutely correct and,
further, corroborated by a number of pas-
sengers who, watches in hand, had kept tab
on the wonderful burst of speed.

The train, consisting of engine and nine
cars, eastbound fast express from Denver to
Chicago, started upon her memorable trip ten
minutes late, and, due to an adverse heavy wind,
reached Akron, a distance of one hundred and
twelve miles, thirty minutes behind time.

No special instructions were given to in-
crease speed because it is customary when
late to run from Akron to Wray, a stretch of
sixty-four miles, at the rate of seventy or
seventy-five miles an hour. Eckley, thirty-
nine miles east of Akron, the train passed
running at seventy-five miles an hour. The
train was 7:55 P.M. Ahead the road was
down grade and the engineer started to make
up time. At Wray, a distance of 14.8 miles
from Eckley, the engineer blew his whistle,
which was the signal agreed upon. The pas-
sengers were astonished to find that only nine
minutes had elapsed on the run between the
two points. They had been travelling at the
tremendous rate of 88.66 miles an hour!

The record of this remarkable run, which
the railroad officials were careful to verify in
every particular, is confirmed by a number of
well known Western men who were on the
train.

The nearest approach to this phenomenal
run was the performance of the Lehigh Black
Diamond Express in April, 1891, when 43.96
miles were covered at an average rate of
eighty miles an hour.

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strong, graceful frame, seamless tubing, 4-1/2
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Address CASH BUYER'S UNION, DEPT. 347, CHICAGO, ILLS.

REFERENCE: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO.

Horse-Racing Mechanism From the West

By Wilfred P. Pond

WITH THE great growth of popularity
in racing, the greater public attend-
ance, the higher prices realized by
speedy and well-bred stock, and the magnif-
icent purses now offered (the Futurity of 1902
being worth \$70,000), it was not to be
expected that all the innovations introduced
into the surroundings of the sport would be
good or acceptable to the great racing au-
thorities of the West, South and East. Those
which have been turned down have often
proved the most interesting as typifying the
misdirected ingenuity of the individual.

THE ELECTRIC SADDLE

Among the more prominent of these was
the Electric Saddle (also the spur and whip),
which, when electricity began to be so
generally used ten or twelve years ago, was
brought into use in New Jersey. A com-
mission of men from the West and South,
with headquarters in Texas, hatched a
scheme by which they hoped to make a mint
of money. This was a saddle which was
fitted with electric batteries in the rearward
part of the stuffing, the wires being so ar-
ranged that the current could be run down
into the stirrups or to the spurs. The natu-
ral consequence was that, when a moderately
speedy horse, but not a willing runner, was
fit for a race, the sudden application of the
electric current made him run like the wind,
through fright and pain, and so win out at
good odds. We can only guess at the past
from the present, and so it is impossible to
say how many times this game had been ex-
perimentally worked before it was exposed at the
outlaw track of Gutenberg in the early nine-
ties, with a horse named Gyda, which won
twice, at 100 to 1 and 60 to 1, before it was
discovered. In the second race they ran the
mare into an ice wagon, apparently by ac-
cident, brought her before the stewards to
show her bleeding shoulder, and scratched
her from that race. Three days later she
was entered again, the bookmakers took
liberties with her, quoted a long price, and
she won again. Then the official ax fell.

Nothing more was heard of the saddle
(then recognizable at sight by any smart
clerk of the scales, by reason of its dummy
outline) until February 15, 1897, at New
Orleans, when practically the same game,

reorganized, sent a mare named Mrs. Brad-
shaw, carrying 93 pounds, to the post at
long odds. Unfortunately the boy weighed
a pound and a half too much, and Secretary
Clark told him to get a lighter saddle. In a
minute or two he returned with the same one,
but at the proper weight, and, being asked
how he reduced the weight, the boy stam-
pered, and finally gasped, with the idiotic
inspiration of a cornered child (he only
weighed 87 pounds), "I took off my under-
shirt." He was told to leave the saddle,
and investigation showed that at the second
weighing the electric intestines had been
pulled out bodily, the schemers having made
a miscalculation in weight.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ROGUERY

Then came electric-light racing in various
sections of the West and East. Horses were
raced at night around tracks lighted with
electric lights, and the curious fact was
demonstrated that ordinary colors on the
jockeys' backs were almost indistinguishable
under the lights, and that even the horses
assumed such a varying appearance that,
when they actually were opposite the specu-
lator, it was impossible to tell what was in
front. That more than anything else killed
electric-light racing.

Electricity hung around the race track,
however, and a curious suggestion of Rich-
ard E. Sherman of Chicago attracted a lot of
attention, but was never, to my knowledge,
put into practical use. He claimed, and very
rightly, that there was a lot of roguery and
scheming carried on during a race of which
the judges were not and could not be cog-
nizant. This was done by premeditated crowd-
ing of certain horses on the upper turn, this
being called in track slang "attending to
business," and consists of two or three unscrup-
ulous boys, supposed to be in the pay of
other owners and bookmakers, whose sole
mission is to use their horses for interfering
with the supposedly best animal in the race,
so that an inferior animal, at a longer price,
could win.

This, properly worked, would be a veritable
gold mine. So Mr. Sherman invented and
patented a trolley car, suspended in the air,
to follow the horses around the track from
start to finish.

Pure Rye Whiskey

4 Full Quarts for \$3.20

Direct from Distiller to Consumer. Express Charges Prepaid.



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and adulteration. If you want
pure Whiskey, our offer will
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We will send four full quart
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tilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20,
Express Prepaid. We ship
in plain packages—no marks
to indicate contents. When
you get it and test it, if it
is not satisfactory return it
at our expense and we will
return your \$3.20.

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lished in 1866. We have
enjoyed 33 years' continual
growth until we now have
one hundred and sixty-five
thousand customers through-
out the United States who are
using Hayner's Whiskey,
which is an evidence of true
merit. We give you absolute-
ly pure Whiskey at the lowest
possible cost. Such Whiskey
as we offer for \$3.20 cannot
be purchased elsewhere for
less than \$5.00.

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every man

the man at the throttle—

the man at the switch, the man in the engine-room, the man who knows the consequence of being always on the alert, these are the men who feel the need of an

OP-C
supensory

The engineer is constantly washed to prevent friction and strain to have no action on his wheels. He knows that undue strain on any part causes a loss of efficiency and a possible danger. To the same way he realizes that to have unnecessary strain on his system is to insure increased capacity and to have no OP-C is to have no safety.

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Get the Right Brand. Should you be unable to get OP-C from your druggist, we will supply you, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

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Free a Bicycle distributing 1000 catalogues on our own plan.

Can't take money fast on our wheels? 1902 proposition. This is our best, our lowest priced proposition. Write for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 55 F, Chicago, Ill.

The idea was all right, but, as too often in the case, the man was weaker than the machine, and when the car was running at about a mile in 1 minute 40 seconds around a continually curving course the swaying was so great that the rider was too occupied keeping his seat—and his hair on—to attend to the horses. In fact, the motion nearly scared people into fits.

THE PNEUMATIC SADDLE

This settled electricity, but Western invention and progression were still in evidence. Possibly the next attractive item was the pneumatic saddle, which was reasonably claimed to obviate the disadvantages of the old rigid frame of the ordinary saddle resting on the back of a horse and interfering with, if it did not control, the muscles moving just under it at each stride. This was first tried at Hawthorne Park, Chicago, September 7, 1894, on a common plater named Washburn, carrying 190 pounds, and at six furlongs he defeated Pop Grey, a fairly good horse.

The pneumatic saddle along these lines was believed to practically reduce the weight effect from 112 pounds to 60 pounds, so far as increasing the speed of the horse was concerned. The device was tried on Sull Ross, with Hueston riding, and deemed successful. Then an ordinary saddle was placed on a spring scale and a heavy weight dropped six inches on to it, the registration being 118 pounds increase; with the pneumatic saddle it registered 102, under the same conditions. This was due to the shock resistance and distribution.

The next day Fred Foster is said to have put the saddle on Dr. Rice and won the great Brooklyn Handicap with him. This horse had been practically given to Foster, for a thousand dollars or so, at Morris Park, the fall previously; he bled badly in a race there and his racing days were believed to be over forever. Foster sent the horse to Kentucky, simply "jogged" him all winter, keeping him in semi-condition so that no hard training was necessary, and then brought him North, practically ready to race. As good as 100 to 1 was secured in the winter books, and the result of the race is now history. For some reason, however, that was the last heard of the pneumatic saddle, and most people derided its wonderful effects.

THE CATGUT BIT

What did come East was the catgut bit for a horse with a tender mouth. It is well known that the average jockey takes a horse to the post, and, just so soon as the field begins "fiddling" for the start, he becomes semi-crazy, yanking, pulling and hauling his mount all over the place in his endeavor to "get away" well, until the entire gathering, horses and boys, are approaching nervous prostration. In a short time the mouths of the horses get very sore and sensitive, and later become quite calloused. The catgut bit, soft and pliable, was grateful to the tender spots, and the horse, it was claimed, forgot his trouble and ran kindly and well, often to win.

Many races were thus run, it was claimed, in the West successfully, and the idea was then brought East. However, of late little has been heard of the catgut bit in the East.

FOOD

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Cleared Away the Family Troubles.

There is not one thing on earth that could enter a family and do as much honest good and bring as much happiness as in certain cases where coffee drinking is left off and Postum Food Coffee used in its place.

A family in Iowa Park, Texas, furnishes a good illustration. The mother says, "I want to tell you what happened in our family when we left off coffee and took up Postum. About eight months ago we made the change. I had been, for quite a while, troubled with rheumatism in my right hip and shoulder, swimming of the head, and fluttering of the heart, so I thought I had heart trouble.

Sometimes in waking my head would swim so that I would be obliged to sit down. I had other disagreeable feelings I cannot describe but they will be readily understood by coffee drinkers if they will confess it.

My family were also more or less ill and had all coffee drinks. Well, we gave up the coffee and started in on Postum Food Coffee; husband, myself and four children. Even the two year old baby (she had been puffy since having the grip) had her coffee along with the rest of the family. When we made the change to Postum she began to fatten and now is perfectly healthy and fat as a pig.

My boys, ten and twelve years of age, are so stout and muscular that people remark about them and ask what makes them so. I do not have any more trouble with rheumatism or with my head, neither does my husband, who was troubled much in the same way. We are all in better health every way than we have been before in years and we are always glad of an opportunity to recommend Postum. I hope what I have said will lead others to make the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Made of French Brier, with aluminum siphon and American amber, horn or rubber stem. A handsome pipe in every way.

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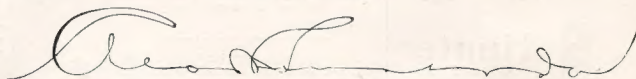
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ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 16, 1902.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—After waiting several weeks since completing a course of physiological exercise under your directions, I feel that I am in a position to most heartily endorse your methods, and wish to tell you about the benefits I have already experienced.

I think I wrote you before that I had been a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation, also its attending evil, nervousness, for 25 years. As long as 22 or 23 years ago it was a common thing for me to go 5 or 6 days at a time without a movement of the bowels. I had a position at a desk, writing, in the East and had to give up my position in 1879 on account of extreme nervousness.

I took a long rest, came West, changed my occupation, and by taking extra good care of myself, was fairly comfortable for awhile. I became worse again and placed myself under the care of a skillful physician here—he said there was not much for me to do except to go onto a very limited diet. For three years he confined me to three articles of food, viz.: predigested bread, fresh eggs and the best beef steak all carefully prepared and well masticated. I improved some under this treatment, but again became worse and could hardly drag myself around. Last winter, a year ago this month, I was taken to a city hospital suffering from nervous prostration.

Nov. 29, 1901, I commenced with your exercises. For months I had been turning it over in my mind how I could get out of business, I was so miserable. I took your course carefully and conscientiously and immediately commenced to improve. I never was better in my life than I am to-day; my bowels move like clockwork every morning, I work like a good fellow from morning until night and do not tire. I take a walk of four or five miles when I can spare the time—could just as well make it ten if I had the time—and when I am through, feel just like starting out.

Am pushing my business with the result that so far this month it shows an increase over the same days last year of over 65 per cent. and I fully expect to double last year's business this year. I can eat and digest anything that is set before me and while I make my living by selling drugs, I personally have no use for them. If you can use this letter or any part of it as an inducement to some poor sufferer to take your course and be well I shall be glad.

Wishing you success in your good work for the weak and miserable, believe me, your grateful friend,

GEO. C. DAVENPORT, Druggist,
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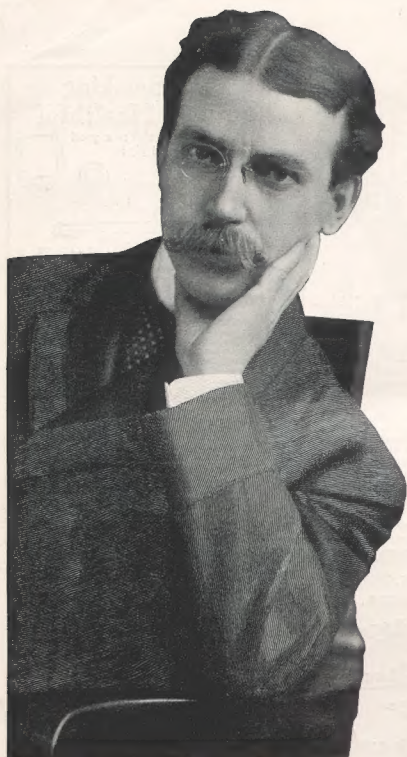
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I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system of Physiological Exercise is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. You will be pleased to receive the valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils which I send free upon request.

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